Periodical

# The CRISIS

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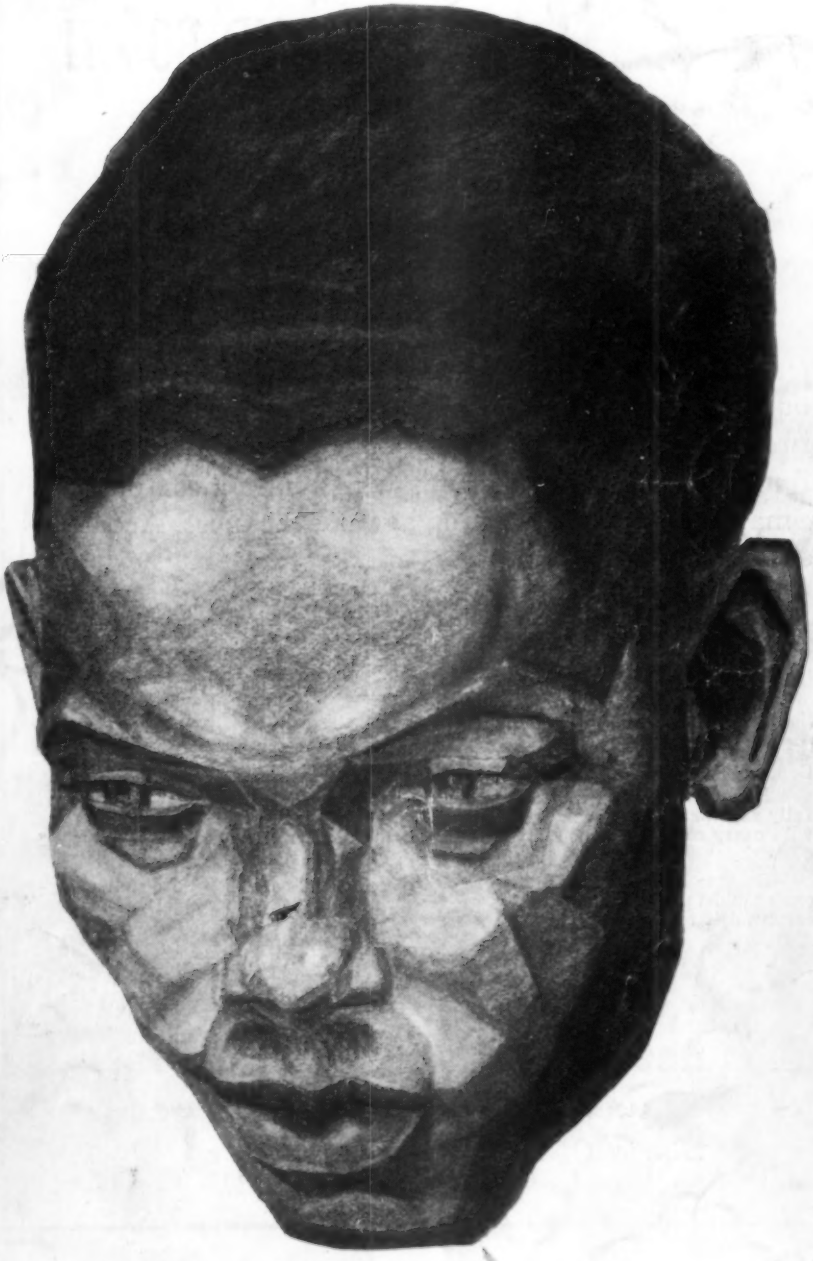

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# The Crisis

## A Record of the Darker Races

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**NOVEMBER, 1926**

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# THE CRISIS

Vol. 33, No. 1 NOVEMBER, 1926 Whole No. 193

## OPINION of W. E. B. DU BOIS

### BUILDING NEW CHURCHES

WE HAVE RECEIVED from Mr. Henry W. Wheeler of St. Louis a statement concerning churches there which we cannot publish entire but which can be condensed as follows: Financial campaigns are being carried on by various Negro denominations in St. Louis aggregating about a million dollars, either to purchase church property or build new churches. Yet there are already about 125 Negro churches in the city. Is this wise? asks Mr. Wheeler. Is it based upon sound business principles? Is it fair to play upon the passions of simple folk to satisfy a whim that "Ours" should be the finest church in the city? Most of these church members are unskilled laborers. The men earn about $20 a week, the women from $8 to $10 a week. Rent is high. These people are not saving much for sickness and misfortune. The Provident Association is flooded with requests from this group during the winter for assistance.

Are we not for these reasons facing disaster? asks Mr. Wheeler. Must we not change the financial methods in our churches? Should not the church treasurer and secretary be bonded? Is the minister the one to give financial advice? Should we not do away with miscellaneous collections and the taking up of two and three collections during every service? Should not a financial budget system be installed? Should not the books of the treasurer and secretary be audited at stated periods?

The methods today are wasteful, concludes our correspondent; the churches are not self-sustaining from the ordinary taxation which they put upon their members. Reform must come. "There will come a time when my people will realize that stone and wood and brick and mortar do not build the temple of God."

### PAYING FOR PLAYS

WE HAVE PUBLISHED in THE CRISIS a number of plays and shall publish more. Most of them are adapted to amateur production. We would like to have them produced. But we have laid down this rule: Anyone who wishes to produce a play printed in THE CRISIS may do so upon payment of $5. Of this money $2.50 goes to the author and $2.50 to THE CRISIS. To our surprise there has been almost unanimous objection; and that shows the singular attitude of our people toward artists and writers. Plumbers, carpenters and bricklayers we pay without question; the workman is worthy of his hire. But if a man writes a play, and a good play, he is lucky if he earns first-class postage upon it. Of course, he may sell it commercially to some producer on Broadway; but in that case it would not be a Negro play or if it is a Negro play it will not be about the kind of Negro you and I know or want to know. If it is a Negro play that will interest us and depict our life, experience and humor, it can-

not be sold to the ordinary theatrical producer, but it can be produced in our churches and lodges and halls; and if it is worth producing there it is worth paying for. It seems to us that $5 is not an exorbitant charge. Of course, what is going to happen is that a number of our loyal friends are going to steal these plays, reproduce them without paying for them, and ask us impudently what we are going to do about it. And we can assure them pleasantly that we are not going to do anything. If they can stand that kind of encouragement for Negro artists, we presume we can.

### RUSSIA, 1926

I AM WRITING THIS in Russia. I am sitting in Revolution Square opposite the Second House of the Moscow Soviets and in a hotel run by the Soviet Government. Yonder the sun pours into my window over the domes and eagles and pointed towers of the Kremlin. Here is the old Chinese wall of the inner city; there is the gilded glory of the Cathedral of Christ, the Savior. Thro' yonder gate on the vast Red Square, Lenin sleeps his last sleep, with long lines of people peering each day into his dead and speaking face. Around me roars a city of two millions—Holy Moscow.

---

I have been in Russia something less than two months. I did not see the Russia of war and blood and rapine. I know nothing of political prisoners, secret police and underground propaganda. My knowledge of the Russian language is sketchy and of this vast land, the largest single country on earth, I have traveled over only a small, a very small part.

But I have had certain advantages; I have seen something of Russia. I have traveled over two thousand miles and visited four of its largest cities, many of its towns, the Neva, Dneiper, Moscow and Volga of its rivers, and stretches of land and village. I have looked into the faces of its races—Jews, Tartars, Gypsies, Caucasians, Armenians and Chinese. To help my lack of language I have had personal friends, whom I knew before I came to Russia, as interpreters. They were born in Russia and speak English, French and German. This, with my English, German and French, has helped the language difficulty, but did not, of course, solve it.

I have not done my sight seeing and investigation in gangs and crowds nor according to the program of the official Foreign Bureau; but have in nearly all cases gone alone with one Russian speaking friend. In this way I have seen schools, universities, factories, stores, printing establishments, government offices, palaces, museums, summer colonies of children, libraries, churches, monasteries, boyar houses, theatres, moving-picture houses, day nurseries and co-operatives. I have seen some celebrations—self-governing children in a school house of an evening and 200,000 children and youths marching on Youth Day. I have talked with peasants and laborers, Commissars of the Republic, teachers and children.

Alone and unaccompanied I have walked the miles of streets in Leningrad, Moskow, Nijni Novgorod and Kiev at morning, noon and night; I have trafficked on the curb and in the stores; I have watched crowds and audiences and groups. I have gathered some documents and figures, plied officials and teachers with questions and sat still and gazed at this Russia, that the spirit of its life and people might enter my veins.

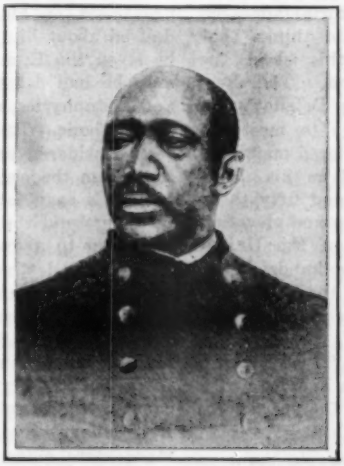
---

I stand in astonishment and wonder at the revelation of Russia that has come to me. I may be partially deceived and half-informed. But if what I have seen with my eyes and heard with my ears in Russia is Bolshevism, I am a Bolshevik.

# "Rank Imposes Obligation"

## JESSIE FAUSET

BLOOD told in the case of Martin Robinson Delaney, an intellectual giant towering high above many black men of his day. He was the descendant of noble African ancestors, a Golah king on his father's side, a Mandingo chieftain on his mother's. The chieftain, captured and brought to this country, lived a life of continuous revolt, fleeing once from the slave plantation in the South to what he considered fondly the fastnesses of Toronto, Canada. Through some tricky interpretation of slave laws he was brought back; but his spirit of rebellion surged on in the breast of his daughter Pati who married Samuel Delaney and bore Martin in Charleston, Virginia, May 6, 1812. This chieftain's daughter, seeing how scant were her children's chances for education, convoyed them ten years later, under pretext of moving to a town nearby, to Chambersburg, Pa., where the young Delaney attended school without hindrance.



MARTIN ROBINSON DELANEY

They had already known the difficulties, in the matter of procuring an education, which were the common burden of Negro children born in the South. The schools of Charleston were of course closed to them; but they had thwarted this injustice by trafficking with wandering New England pedlers who furnished them with the "New York Primer" and the "Spelling Book" and who furthermore gave them instruction in those mystic pages, asking them for nothing except "what ye mind to" and whispering encouragingly that the right to learning was the common privilege of all. It was because of the ill-feeling engendered by these persistently ambitious children in their quest for knowledge at a time and in a place where such knowledge was forbidden by law to people of their blood that Mrs. Delaney found it discreet to leave Charleston.

Courage and pride were the first spiritual qualities which the young Delaneys knew and in none of them did these qualities find soil more receptive than in Martin. He grew up proud of his ancestry and marvelously proud of himself. As a man it was his most outstanding quality, transcending even his fine training and experience. He was a perfectly black man, strongly and compactly built, of the middle stature, with broad shoulders built for burdens and of the type which the French call *trapu;* his head was good and well-poised, his eyes keen and very bright. Everything about him breathed energy, tirelessness, fire and pride. And of this pride his color was the cornerstone; for it signified to him freedom from the debasing humiliation of mixed blood. Rollin, his biographer, quotes Frederick Douglass as saying: "I thank God for making me a man simply; but Delaney always thanks Him for making him a *black* man."

Chambersburg of course would not content him. His energies called for a larger field of action. At the age of nineteen then, behold him bidding his family farewell and heading across the state to Pittsburg. Alone he went and on foot! Three ridges of the Alleghanies towered before him but dauntlessly he crossed them and stopping to work for a month at the town of Bedford entered Pittsburg and plunged into its activities. The welfare of his people was his obsession; by 1834 he was engaged in the organization of all sorts of committees for the uplift of Negroes and for the relief of the poor. He founded a total abstinence society and assisted in the formation of the Philanthropic Society, really the foundation of the Underground Railroad, whose executive secretary he shortly became. In spite of the dangers and necessary secrecy involved, he assisted within the space of

one brief year in the flight across the border of two hundred and sixty-nine people. Doubtless his connection with the military helped him here; his protests against mobism and lawlessness had been so vehement that the authorities finally made him a member of the police force especially appointed to serve with the soldiery.

Before long even the limits of Pittsburg proved too confining; Delaney had messages which must be heard. And so in 1834 he edited a newspaper called "Mystery" which he conducted solely from his own resources for upwards of a year. Then he transferred the ownership to a group of six men but remained editor thereof for four years more. Many a stirring editorial appeared in these columns and Rollin thinks that through the influence of this sheet the Avery Fund was originated. The Rev. Charles Avery, stimulated by Delaney's impassioned plea for resources to meet the social requirements of the colored man, first founded Avery College and on his death in 1858 left "one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the education and elevation of the free colored people of the United States and Canada and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the enlightenment and civilization of the African race on the continent of Africa".

After successfully editing "Mystery", Delaney came east for a while and formed a partnership with Frederick Douglass. Together they issued the "North Star".

All this time this remarkable man, so swamped with cares and responsibilities, speaking and traveling everywhere, had been devoting himself to the study of medicine. His first work was done in the eighteen-thirties under the guidance of Dr. Andrew N. McDowell, but for some reason he desisted for a time and entered upon the pursuit of what one writer grimly calls "practical dentistry". But his interest in therapeutics never waned and in 1849 after dissolving his connections with Mr. Douglass he resumed his studies under Drs. J. P. Gazzan and Francis J. Lemoyne. As his knowledge and enthusiasm mounted he attempted once more to realize a dear desire of his heart,—entrance into a first class medical school. For reasons of color his admission had always been refused frankly and without veiling by the University of Pennsylvania, Jefferson College and the medical colleges of Albany and Geneva, New York. But finally, his star in the ascendant, he entered through the offices of his two medical friends the portals of Harvard Medical School. That was a great day for Martin Delaney and an even greater portent for his race. Needless to say he successfully completed his undertaking. At its conclusion he traveled for a while lecturing shrewdly and with salutary influence on physiological subjects. So finally he got back to his chosen Pittsburg and settled down to the skilful practice of his hard-won profession. His successful treatment of cholera there in 1854 was remembered for many a day.

Everything in him yearned for the improvement of his kind. He passionately desired about him evidences of refinement; he loved the Humanities; as a very young man he had devoted much time to Ethics and Metaphysics and his reading was wide and catholic. In our day he might have been considered pedantic, yet paradoxically seen from the perspective of almost a century it is easy for the sympathetic student to understand the impulses which led him, belonging to a group steeped at that time in the very depths of degradation, to exaggerate and over-emphasize evidences of culture in his conversation and daily life. He had married in 1843 Kate Richards, a capable, devoted woman of a prominent and wealthy Pittsburg family. Many children came to the couple and in no respect was Dr. Delaney's learning and love of learning made more evident than in the choice of names which he bestowed upon these defenseless youngsters. Fancy, to give only a few samples, a household whose members responded to the titles of Toussaint L'Ouverture, Faustin Soulouque and Rameses Placido!

During the early decades of the nineteenth century projects were constantly being offered by the professed abolitionists and other members of the Anti-Slavery group for the amelioration of the vast horde of black men whose physical fruitfulness and political helplessness alike menaced the country. One of the favorite schemes, one meeting alternately with hot favor or frigid disapproval, was a scheme to form colonies of colored people in foreign lands. Of this Dr. Delaney was an ardent supporter. His connection with Africa was comparatively close; he had through his mother and grandfather a dis-

tinct feeling of kinship for that distant land. Because of this feeling mingled with his keen pride and love of adventuring into the new and strange, he advocated very strongly the calling of a convention at which the possibility of colonization should be thoroughly argued *pro* and *con*. Such a convention was actually held in 1853 at which every delegate, practically, was *pro*. But here arose a new difficulty for there were three factions, each one with a different leader and destination. James M. Whitfield headed one party which was all for Central America; Theodore Holly thought Haiti the most likely land of refuge for black pioneers; and Dr. Delaney saw no finer prospect for future colonists than the Valley of the Niger in Africa.

It was during this period in the midst of the colonization fever that Dr. Delaney moved to Chatham, Canada. Two later conventions were held, one in 1854 in Cleveland, the other in 1856 in Chatham. And from the point of view of the student of Negro history, remembering the limited resources of practically all the colored people of that day, astounding results happended. For every one of these apostles of colonization went to his chosen destination—Holly to Haiti, Whitfield to Central America and Delaney to Africa! The expedition for the Niger Valley left in 1859. The party was composed of "scientific men of color" whose business it was to explore certain regions of Africa and to report on the most suitable place for a settlement. It is amazing, if not disheartening, in these times, when to the best of my knowledge not one colored American is the possessor of a seaworthy vessel, to learn that in "early May 1859 there sailed from New York in the Bark Mendi owned by three *colored African merchants* the first colored explorers from the United States known as the Niger Valley Exploring Party".

The phrase "colored African merchants" is a trifle ambiguous but it leaves little doubt as to the original nationality of the owners.

The head of the expedition was of course Dr. Delaney. For one year he led his little group through the domains dotting the West Coast of Africa, taking many notes and concluding treaties, we are told, with eight kings and chieftains. His notes he embodied in a pamphlet rather lengthily inscribed after the pompous manner of the time:

"The Official Report to the Niger Valley Exploring Party by M. R. Delaney, Chief Commissioner to Africa, New York, 1861." It is full however of many wise and valuable observations on the African climate, native customs, proper clothing and the prospects for colonists. The African rulers seem to have received the expedition with favor and interest. Evidently they were as glad to have the Afro-Americans enter their domain as the latter were to come. Indeed as events turned out the Africans were more eager. And their reasons for extending the invitations were based on sound economic reasons indicating the possession of a fine statecraft and the exercise thereof.

The following treaty concluded by the Niger Valley Commissioners with the native king of Abbeokuta, Tybore, is typical:

This treaty made between his Majesty Okukenu, Alake; Somoyi, Ibashorun; Sokenu, Ogubonna and Atambala, chiefs and Balaguns of Abbeokuta, on the first part; and Martin Robinson Delaney and Robert Campbell of the Niger Valley Exploring Party, Commissioners from the African Race of the United States and the Canadas in America, on the second part, covenants:

Article 1. That the Kings and chiefs on their part agree to grant and assign unto the said commissioners on behalf of the African race in America the right and privilege of settling in common with the Egba people on any part of the territory belonging to Abbeokuta not otherwise occupied.

Article II. That all matters requiring legal investigation among the settlers be left to themselves to be disposed of according to their own custom.

Article III. That the commissioners, on their part, also agree that the settlers shall bring with them as an equivalent for the privileges above accorded, Intelligence, Education, a Knowledge of the Arts and Sciences, Agriculture and other Mechanical and Industrial Occupations, which they shall put into immediate operation, by improving the lands and in other useful vocations.

Article IV. That the laws of the Egbe people shall be strictly respected by the settlers; and in all matters in which both parties are concerned. an equal number of commissioners, mutually agreed upon, shall be appointed, who shall have power to settle such matters.

As a pledge of our faith and the sincerity of our hearts, we each if us hereunto affix our hand and seal this Twenty-seventh day of December, Anno Domini, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-nine.

His mark + Okukenu, Alake
His mark + Somoyi, Ibashorum
His mark + Sokenu, Balagun
His mark + Ogubonna, Balagun
His mark + Atambala, Balagun
His mark + Oguseye, Anaba
His mark + Ngtaba, Balagun O.S.O.
His mark + Ogudemu, Ageoko
M. R. Delaney
Robert Campbell

Witness—Samuel Crowther, Junior.
Attest—Samuel Crowther, Senior.

As it happened nothing came of the expedition. The rank and file of colored people either through timorousness or through the possession of that hard common sense which one so surprisingly finds among Latin and other warm-blooded people had no intention of leaving a land in which they had purchased heritage by wage of tears and labor and blood. Delaney, of course, gained immense prestige. He stopped on his return voyage in London, where he was received with great acclaim and made a member of the famous International Statistical Congress of July, 1860. His presence, it may be said in passing, proved most irritating to the American delegates there assembled, many of whom withdrew, including Judge Longstreet of Georgia. Quite a correspondence sprang up between the aggrieved magistrate and the heads of the convention in which it is significant to remark that even in that calloused age when slavery was flourishing at its height there was a feeling of almost pitiable shame on the part of white Americans when confronted with a presentation of their wrongs toward their black fellowmen.

The Niger Valley Exploring Expedition and its leader Dr. Delaney came back in troublous times. The country was on the brink of Civil War and shortly plunged into combat. The learned and traveled physician had been engaged in lecturing on the flora and fauna and other attributes of Africa but as soon as war loomed on the horizon he had but one thought and that was to enter the fray. To this end he moved from Chatham back to Detroit and later to Chicago. Such determination as his made success inevitable. He was appointed Acting Assistant Agent for recruiting and Acting Examining Surgeon for the post of Chicago. Later he became Commissioner for Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. During this time he was advocating everywhere the advisability of heading black troops with black officers. By dint of great effort he reached the presence of Mr. Lincoln, who finding great good sense in his projects commended him to the kindly offices of the Secretary of War. In 1865 on February 8 he was commissioned Major, the first of his race in America thus to be honored.

His post-war even as his pre-war years were full of activities, now largely political. For three years he labored ardently in the Freedmen's Bureau; Charleston, S. C., for several years knew his services as Inspector and he held the position of trial justice in the same city for an additional four years. He seems to have been capable of fulfilling any duties assigned him. And all this time amazing to relate he kept up the practice of medicine in which up to a ripe old age he never lost interest.

Finally the hand of time set its seal heavily upon even those vigorous shoulders. In the last one of his seventy-three years, a mercantile house in Boston engaged his services as agent for a firm in Central America but before he could act in his new position he was taken ill in December and died rather suddenly one January day in 1885.

But he had lived such a useful, such a complete and satisfying life that though he was mourned by many not even he himself could have begrudged his withdrawal from it. To few men is the opportunity given to realize themselves completely. What must not have been his supreme joy to know that he, born in an age when color was a misdemeanor to be expiated with life servitude, attained to honors such as many a man born under a more favorable star failed to grasp? Of course there were in his career moments of despair, even of failure, but in the main his dreams came true. He lived to see himself become a man among men and millions of his fellows elevated from the status of chattels to manhood and citizenship.

Take him all in all and he was as fine an example of self-reliance and courage as

any race might hope for. Dr. Delaney believed that power came from within; he believed it the duty of the American Negro deliberately to plan his future and not leave it to the whims of fate. Wisdom with understanding expressed the sum total of his admonitions and doubtless he would have added: "Embellish that understanding with pride; commit no actions that can shake it."

In his "Condition, Elevation, Emigration and Destiny of the Colored People of the United States Politically Considered", he leaves among other valuable bits of wisdom this precious advice:

"Let our young men and young women prepare themselves for usefulness and business; that the men may enter into merchandise, trading and other things of importance; the young women may become teachers of various kinds and otherwise fill places of usefulness. Parents must turn their attention more to the education of their children. . . . Consult the children's propensities and direct their education according to their inclinations. It may be that there is too great a desire on the part of parents to give their children a professional education, before the body of the people are ready for it. A people must be a business people and have more to depend upon than mere help in people's houses and hotels, before they are either able to support or capable of appreciating the services of professional men among them. This has been one of our great mistakes—we have gone in advance of ourselves. We have commenced at the superstructure of the building, instead of the foundation."

These are the words of a sound business man and a prophet and we are still in a position to reap an advantage from their observance. But the main lesson bequeathed by his life for his countrymen of a later date was his unshakable pride, the bulwark of his existence, the mainspring of his actions. His blood and his blackness were the insignia of his rank and no gallant of the bravest days of France believed more truly than he that rank imposes obligation,—*noblesse oblige*.

# Two Poems

## EDWARD SILVERA

### HAPPINESS

I went in quest of happiness
  Upon a golden mountain
But she was in the plain below
  Beside the public fountain.

I sought her in the sea-blue waves
  And singing sun-lit billows
But she was in the placid stream
  Beneath the shady willows.

I looked for her in city crowds
  That filled the great white way
But found her on a lowly farm,
  A milkmaid, tawny, gay.

### DEATH

My heart keeps a knockin',—
    Thump, thump, thump.
My heart keeps a knockin',—
    Bump, bump, bump.
Some day Death is gonna answer de door
Then my heart ain't gonna knock no more
An' there won't be no thump, thump, thump
An' there won't be no bump, bump, bump.

# National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

## FREE SPEECH IN KENTUCKY

LAST spring in Lexington, Kentucky, a Negro charged with the murder of a man, the wounding of his two children and the raping of his wife, was given a trial lasting sixteen minutes while, outside, troops fought back a mob which threatened death to any person who prevented the conviction of the Negro, whether innocent or guilty. The Negro was executed as promptly as the law permitted. It later developed that he and the white man had had a quarrel over a business transaction and the white man had been killed in the fight which followed.

Shortly afterward, a young white man in the same city was charged with forcing two colored girls, one of them eleven years old, to disrobe, after which the white man raped one of them. He then forced the two of them to walk naked down the main street of the Kentucky town. Charles Merchant, the white youth, son of wealthy parents, was declared insane and confined in the State Insane Asylum.

Soon after that, a white man at Madisonville, Kentucky, found in the purse of a white woman roomer in his house a picture of a Negro and letters from him showing that the woman and man had been associating together for some time. Four Negroes were promptly arrested and a correspondent of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, in telling of the excitement at Madisonville prior to the hasty trial, declared that the men would be put on trial, tried, convicted and *sentenced to death* within twenty-four hours and executed within thirty days, the shortest time permitted by Kentucky law. The prediction regarding the trial proved a correct one, but the sentences later were set aside on appeal.

In Louisville, there are published two colored newspapers, *The Louisville News* edited by William Warley and *The Leader* edited by I. Willis Cole. Both of these papers condemned editorially the farcical trials given to Negroes and contrasted the procedure in these cases with that of Charles Merchant. The question was asked if Kentucky was going to be disgraced by another "legal lynching". Following the trial, Messrs. Cole and Warley were indicted for alleged seditious, inflammatory, incendiary and trouble-breeding articles. In a letter to the National Office, Mr. Warley states: "This thing of condemning a man and sentencing him for his life at a fifteen-minute trial is farcical; this is the principle for which we are fighting." Later it was discovered that the law under which these men were indicted had been repealed. Messrs. Cole and Warley were then indicted for libeling the judge at Madisonville. Messrs. Warley and Cole are scheduled to go to trial at the time that this is being written. The National Office twice telegraphed Messrs. Cole and Warley, offering them its full assistance; and, when there was delay in reply, communicated with Louisville by long distance telephone. This step is being taken for it is felt that the principle of free speech is at stake.

It is a matter of common knowledge that no Negro placed on trial under the circumstances cited in the cases above can receive a fair trial. That is the principle for which the Association fought in the famous Arkansas Cases and enters into nearly every criminal case in which the Association participates. The trial of Messrs. Cole and Warley is being watched very closely for it affects seriously the right of utterance of not only every Negro newspaper but white as well throughout the country.

## LUTHER COLLINS FREED

ON a January evening in 1922 a white woman working as a waitress in Houston, Texas, claimed that as she left her working place around seven o'clock and walked down one of the main streets of that town with a young white man there came up to them a Negro who at the point of a gun ordered them to walk down the street in front of him. The woman charged that the Negro forced her and her companion to enter a woodyard and

N. A. A. C. P. PRIZE BABIES

Juanita Johnson
3rd Prize
New Haven, Conn.

Peggy Marie Rhodes
1st Prize
St. Paul, Minn.

Earline Helen McMullen
3rd Prize
Needles, Cal.

Katherine M. Pendleton
3rd Prize
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Bernice Ellen Wilson
2nd Prize
Oakland, Calif.

Julia Alice Cage
2nd Prize
St. Paul, Minn.

Wanda Alysse Griffith
2nd Prize
Portland, Ore.

Phyllis Murray
2nd Prize,
Sioux Falls, So. Dak.

Helen Clarice Calloway
1st Prize
Columbus, Ohio

Glendolyn Alvin Hickman
2nd Prize
Needles, Calif.

Willie Jones
3rd Prize
El Paso, Texas

Rose Mason Mitchel
1st Prize
Sioux Falls, S. Dak,

Ellene Terrell Bentley
3rd Prize
Columbus, Ohio

William Isom, Jr.
1st Prize, Needles, Calif.

Cleoda D. Mason
3rd Prize
Lexington, Ky.

Arthur W. Staton, Jr.
2nd Prize
Pine Bluff, Ark.

there in a small shack she claimed the Negro raped her, meanwhile holding a gun on the man who sat on the floor nearby.

Despite the manifest improbability of the story, there swept over Houston the usual hysteria which follows the publication of such a story in a Southern town. A Negro laborer by the name of Luther Collins among others was arrested and positively identified by the woman. Collins was hastily tried, found guilty and sentenced to death. At this point the Houston Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. entered the case. Investigators unearthed a considerable amount of testimony clearly proving that Collins could not have committed the crime, if indeed there had been any crime. The case was appealed on this new evidence and on testimony which had improperly been excluded from the first trial. The verdict was reversed and Collins remanded for a new trial.

The second trial resulted in a jury disagreement, eight of the jurors standing for acquittal. A third trial resulted in a sentence of ninety-nine years. The Houston Branch again appealed to the Court of Criminal Appeals and in June, 1925, this conviction was reversed and the case remanded again for a fourth trial. A change of venue was secured and in March, 1926, Collins' bail was lowered to $2500. Four of the most prominent white men of Houston, convinced by this time that Collins was being persecuted, and four prominent colored men went bail and Collins was freed. Late in the summer of 1926, after numerous consultations between the District Attorney of Washington County, to which the case had been shifted, the judge and lawyers for the defense, the prosecutor recommended that the case be dismissed. Luther Collins was therefore freed in September and is now working at the job he held prior to his arrest in January, 1922.

Collins has for nearly five years been in jail, a great portion of the time in the death cell, deprived of the opportunity of earning a living, all this through the untrue charge of a white woman of questionable reputation. Since her charge against Collins, she has been arrested, according to Texas white newspapers, for certain immoral practices. The Houston Branch has conducted and financed this case from its inception, declining with thanks proffers of aid from the National Office. The victory it gained would have been notable anywhere in the United States—in Texas it is revolutionary. Already, according to advices from Texas to the National Office, the police of Houston are more careful in arresting Negroes indiscriminately whenever a crime is committed.

### N. A. A. C. P. BRANCHES

Many of the Branches of the Association are now preparing for their fall campaigns that their membership may be increased and that those which have not found a place on the Honor Roll may win this distinction before the end of the year.

The full staff of the Association is making extensive tours so as to enable the Branches to reach the peak of their activity.

Mr. Pickens is touring New Jersey, Eastern Pennsylvania, the District of Columbia, Indiana, Wisconsin and Virginia. Mr. Bagnall will tour Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia.

The Branches are very rapidly coming to see the necessity of organizing Junior Divisions in order that the young people may be trained in the spirit and methods of the Association and become inspired by learning of the accomplishments of outstanding Negroes in all countries and ages, and the interesting history of their race.

In the list of Honor Roll Branches, published in a recent issue of THE CRISIS, the names of Lawrence County, Indiana, and Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, were omitted.

### WARNING

INFORMATION has come to the National Office that a man calling himself the Rev. J. L. Washington and who claims to be pastor of the Shiloh Baptist Church in New York City is traveling in the South raising funds for his church. This man is stating that he is the son-in-law of Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois and that James Weldon Johnson, Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., is Chairman of his Deacon Board. Obviously this man is an impostor. He gives as the location of his church 136th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York City. There is no church located on any of the corners there. Churches and other organizations, as well as individuals, are warned against this man and urged to have him arrested for fraud should he present himself.

# Nothing New

## MARIETA BONNER

THERE was, once high on a hillside, a muddy brook. A brook full of yellow muddy water that foamed and churned over a rocky bed.

Halfway down the hillside the water pooled in the clearest pool. All the people wondered how the muddy water cleared at that place. They did not know. They did not understand. They only went to the pool and drank. Sometimes they stooped over and looked into the water and saw themselves.

If they had looked deeper they might have seen God.

People seldom look that deep, though. They do not always understand how to do things.

They are not God. He alone understands.

* * * *

You have been down on Frye street. You know how it runs from Grand Avenue and the L to a river; from freckled faced-tow heads to yellow Orientals; from broad Italy to broad Georgia; from hooked nose to square black noses. How it lisps in French, how it babbles in Italian, how it gurgles in German, how it drawls and crawls through Black Belt dialects. Frye street flows nicely together. It is like muddy water. Like muddy water in a brook.

Reuben Jackson and his wife Bessie—late of Georgia—made a home of three rooms at number thirteen Frye street.

"Bad luck number", said the neighbors.

"Good luck number", said Reuben and Bessie.

Reuben did not know much. He knew only God, work, church, work and God. The only things Bessie knew were God, work, Denny, prayer, Reuben, prayer, Denny, work, work, work, God.

Denny was one thing they both knew beside God and work. Denny was their little son. He knew lots of things. He knew that when the sun shone across the room a cobwebby shaft appeared that you could not walk up. And when the water dripped on pans in the sink it sang a tune: "Hear the time! Feel the time! Beat with me! Tap-ty tap! T-ta-tap! Ta-ty-tap!". The water sang a tune that made your feet move.

"Stop that jigging, you Denny", Bessie always cried. "God! Don't let him be no dancing man". She would pray afterwards. "Don't let him be no toy-tin fool man"!

Reuben watched him once sitting in his sun shaft. Watched him drape his slender little body along the floor and lift his eyes toward the sunlight. Even then they were eyes that drew deep and told deeper. With his oval clear brown face and his crinkled shining hair, Denny looked too—well as Reuben thought no boy should look. He spoke:

"Why don't you run and wrestle and race with the other boys? You must be a girl. Boys play rough and fight!"

Denny rolled over and looked up at his father. "I ain't a girl!" he declared deliberately.

He stared around the room for something to fight to prove his assertion. The cat lay peacefully sleeping by the stove. Denny snatched hold of the cats tail to awaken it. The cat came up with all claws combing Denny.

"My God, ain't he cruel", screamed his mother. She slapped Denny and the cat apart.

Denny lay down under the iron board and considered the odd red patterns that the claws had made on his arms. . . . A red house and a red hill. Red trees around it; a red path running up the hill. . . .

"Make my child do what's right", prayed Bessie ironing above him.

People are not God. He alone understands.

* * * *

Denny was running full tilt down a hillside. Whooping, yelling, shouting. Flying after nothing. Young Frye street, mixed as usual, raced with him.

There was no school out here. There were no street cars, no houses, no ash-cans and basement stairs to interfere with a run. Out here you could run straight, swift, in one direction with nothing to stop you but your own lack of foot power and breath. A picnic "out of town" pitched your spirits high and Young Frye Street could soar through all twelve heavens of enjoyment.

The racers reached the foot of the hill. Denny swerved to one side. A tiny colored girl was stooping over in the grass.

"Hey, Denny!" she called. Denny stopped to let the others sweep by.

"Hey, Margaret!" he answered, "What you doing?"

Margaret held up a handful of flowers. "I want that one." She pointed to a clump of dusky purple milkweeds bending behind a bush.

Denny hopped toward it.

He had almost reached it when the bush parted and a boy stepped out: "Don't come over here", he ordered. "This is the white kids' side!"

Denny looked at him. He was not of Frye street. Other strange children appeared behind him. "This is a white picnic over here! Stay away from our side."

Denny continued toward his flower. Margaret squatted contentedly in the grass. She was going to get her flower.

"I said not to come over here", yelled the boy behind the bush.

Denny hopped around the bush.

"What you want over here?" the other bristled.

"That flower!" Denny pointed.

The other curved his body out in exaggerated childish sarcasm. "Sissy! Picking flowers." He turned to the boys behind him. "Sissy nigger! Picking flowers!"

Denny punched at the boy and snatched at the flower. The other stuck out his foot and Denny dragged him down as he fell. Young Frye street rushed back up the hill at the primeval howl that set in.

Down on the ground, Denny and the white boy squirmed and kicked. They dug and pounded each other.

"You stay off the white kid's side, nigger!".

"I'm going to get that flower, I am!" Denny dragged his enemy along with him as he lunged toward the bush.

The flower beckoned and bent its stalk. On the white kid's side. Lovely, dusky, purple. Bending toward him. The milky perfume almost reached him. On the white kids' side. He wanted it. He would get it. Something ripped.

Denny left the collar of his blouse in the boy's hand and wrenched loose. He grabbed at the stem. On the white kids' side. Bending to him—slender, bending to him. On the white kids' side. He wanted it. He was going to have it—

The boy caught up to him as he had almost reached the flower. They fell again. ——He was going to get that flower. He was going to. Tear the white kid off. Tear the white hands off his throat. Tear the white kid off his arms. Tear the white kid's weight off his chest. He'd move him——

Denny made a twist and slid low to the ground, the other boy beneath him, face downward. He pinned the boy's shoulders to the ground and clutching a handful of blonde hair in either hand, beat his head against the ground.

Young Frye Street sang the song of triumph. Sang it long and loud. Sang it loud enough for Mrs. Bessie Jackson—resting under a clump of trees with other mothers—to hear.

"I know them children is fighting!" she declared and started off in the direction of the yelling.

Halfway she met Margaret, a long milkweed flower dragging in one hand: "Denny", she explained, holding it up.

"I knew it", cried his mother and ran the rest of the way. "Stop killing that child", she screamed as soon as she had neared the mob. She dragged Denny off the boy. Dragged him through the crowd under a tree. Then she began:

"Look at them clothes. Where is your collar at? All I do is try to fix you up and now look at you! Look at you! Even your shirt torn!"

"Just as well him tear that for what he said", Denny offered.

This approximated "sauce" or the last straw or the point of overflow. His mother was staggered. Was there nothing she could do? Unconsciously she looked up to Heaven, then down to earth. A convenient bush flaunted nearby. She pulled it up—by the roots.

—On the white kids' side. The flower he wanted.——

God understands, doesn't He?

* * * *

It had been a hard struggle. Reuben was still bitter and stubborn: "What reason Denny got to go to some art school? What he going to learn there?"

"Art! Painting!" Bessie defended. "The teachers at the high school say he know how to paint special like. He'd ought to go, they said."

"Yes, they said, but they ain't going to pay for him. He ought to go somewhere and do some real man's work. Ain't nothin' but women paddin' up and down, worryin' about paintin'."

"He's going all the same. Them teachers said he was better——!"

"Oh, all right. Let him go."

And Denny went to the Littler Art School. Carried his joyous six-foot, slender, brown self up on Grand Avenue, across, under, the elevated towers—up town. Up town to school.

"Bessie Jackson better put him on a truck like Annie Turner done her Jake", declared colored Frye Street. "Ain't no man got no business spendin' his life learnin' to paint."

"He should earn money! Money!" protested one portion of Frye street through its hooked noses.

"Let him marry a wife", chuckled the Italians.

"He's going to learn art", said Denny's mother.

Denny went. The Littler School was filled with students of both sexes and of all races and degrees of life. Most of them were sufficiently gifted to be there. Days there when they showed promise. Days there when they doubted their own reasons for coming.

Denny did as well and as badly as the rest. Sometimes he even did things that attracted attention.

He himself always drew attention, for he was tall, straight and had features that were meant to go with the blondest hair and the bluest eyes. He was not blond, though. He was clear shaven and curly haired and brown as any Polynesian. His eyes were still deep drawing—deep telling. Eyes like a sea-going liner that could drift far without getting lost; that could draw deep without sinking.

Some women scrambled to make an impression on him. If they had looked at his mouth they would have withheld their efforts.

Anne Forest was one of the scramblers. She did not know she was scrambling, though. If anyone had told her that she was, she would have exploded, "Why! He is a nigger!"

Anne, you see, was white. She was the kind of girl who made you feel that she thrived on thirty-nine cent chocolates, fifteen-dollar silk dress sales, twenty-five cent love stories and much guilty smootchy kissing. If that does not make you sense her water-waved bob, her too carefully rouged face, her too perfumed person, I cannot bring her any nearer to you.

Anne scrambled unconsciously. Denny was an attractive man. Denny knew she was scrambling—so he went further within himself.

Went so far within himself that he did not notice Pauline Hammond who sat next to him.

One day he was mixing paint in a little white dish. Somehow the dish capsized and the paint flowed over the desk and spattered.

"Oh, my heavens!" said a girl's voice.

Denny stood up: "I beg your pardon." He looked across the desk.

Purple paint was splashed along the girl's smock and was even on her shoes.

"Oh, that's all right! No harm done at all", she said pleasantly.

Nice voice. Not jagged or dangling. Denny looked at her again. He dipped his handkerchief into the water and wiped off the shoes.

That done, they sat back and talked to each other. Talked to each other that day and the next day. Several days they talked.

Denny began to notice Pauline carefully. She did not talk to people as if they were strange hard shells she had to crack open to get inside. She talked as if she were already in the shell. In their very shell.

—Not many people can talk that soul-satisfying way. Why? I do not know. I am not God. I do not always understand——.

They talked about work; their life outside of school. Life. Life out in the world. With an artist's eye Denny noted her as she talked. Slender, more figure than heavy form, moulded. Poised. Head erect on neck, neck uplifted on shoulders, body held neither too stiff or too slack. Poised and slenderly moulded as an aristocrat.

They thought together and worked together. Saw things through each other's eyes. They loved each other.

One day they went to a Sargent exhibit —and saw Anne Forest. She gushed and mumbled and declared war on Pauline. She did not know she had declared war, though.

"Pauline Hammond goes out with that nigger Denny Jackson!" she informed all the girls in class next day.

"With a nigger!" The news seeped through the school. Seeped from the President's office on the third floor to the janitor down below the stairs.

Anne Forest only told one man the news. He was Allen Carter. He had taken Pauline to three dances and Anne to one. Maybe Anne was trying to even the ratio when she told him: "Pauline Hammond is rushing a nigger now."

Allen truly reeled. "Pauline! A nigger?"

Anne nodded. "Denny Jackson—or whatever his name is", she hastened to correct herself.

Allen cursed aloud. "Pauline! She's got too much sense for that! It's that nigger rushing after her! Poor little kid! I'll kill him!"

He tore off his smock with a cursing accompaniment. He cursed before Anne. She did not matter. She should have known that before.

Allen tore off the smock and tore along the hall. Tore into a group gathered in a corner bent over a glass case. Denny and Pauline were in the crowd, side by side. Allen walked up to Denny.

"Here you", he pushed his way in between the two. "Let this white girl alone." He struck Denny full in the face.

Denny struck back. All the women—except Pauline—fled to the far end of the room.

The two men fought. Two jungle beasts would have been kinder to each other. These two tore at each other with more than themselves behind every blow.

"Let that white woman alone, nigger! Stay on your own side!" Allen shouted once. ——On your own side. On the white kids' side. That old fight—the flower, bending toward him. He'd move the white kid! Move him and get the flower! Move him and get what was his! He seized a white throat in his hands and moved his hands close together!

* * * *

He did move the white kid. Moved him so completely that doctors and doctors and running and wailing could not cause his body to stir again. Moved him so far that Denny was moved to the County Jail.

Everything moved then. The judge moved the jury with pleas to see justice done for a man who had sacrificed his life for the beautiful and the true. The jury moved that the old law held: one life taken, take another.

Denny—they took Denny.

Up at the school the trustees moved. "Be it enacted this day—no Negro student shall enter within these doors——."

The newspapers moved their readers. Sent columns of description of the "hypnotized frail flower under the spell of Black Art". So completely under the spell she had to be taken from the stand for merely screaming in the judge's face: "I loved him! I loved him! I loved him!" until the court ran over with the cries.

Frye street agreed on one thing only. Bessie and Reuben had tried to raise Denny right.

After that point, Frye street unmixed itself. Flowed apart.

Frye street—black—was loud in its utterances. "Served Denny right for loving a white woman! Many white niggers as there is! Either Bessie or Reuben must have loved white themselves and was 'shamed to go out open with them. Shame to have that all come out in that child! Now he rottenin' in a murderer's grave!"

White Frye street held it was the school that had ruined Denny. Had not Frye street—black and white—played together, worked together, shot crap together, fought together without killing? When a nigger got in school he got crazy.

* * * *

Up on the hillside the clear water pooled. Up on the hillside people come to drink at the pool. If they looked over, they saw themselves. If they had looked deeper—deeper than themselves—they might have seen God.

But they did not.

People do not do that—do they?

They do not always understand. Do they?

God alone—He understands.

# Conditions in Harlem

*A Manuscript "Handsomely Rejected by an Uplift Magazine"*

JAMES H. DILLARD

*of the Slater and Jeanes Funds*

IT is easy and delightful to write about something which one knows little or nothing about. Some of our finest writing has been done by those who knew really and intimately very little of the subject on which they were writing. I can cite a striking instance in point. A St. Louis Sunday newspaper published a charming series of articles from various cities of Spain written by a lady who had never been out of the United States. In the same way we may see how it is that writers in the North produce illuminating books and articles about conditions in the South, and how I, for instance, ought to be able to write illuminatingly about conditions in Harlem.

When, therefore, I was asked to write something about conditions in Harlem I naturally welcomed the opportunity. If the request had been to write about conditions in Marengo County, Alabama, or Sunflower County, Mississippi, the task would have been too serious and difficult, because I know the conditions in those happy regions. But I know practically nothing about Harlem. I have never been to Harlem but twice. On both occasions it was to attend meetings, and it must be confessed that one is not likely to get solid, accurate information in meetings.

I thought seriously of going to Harlem and trying to make an investigation, but I remembered my recent experience in hunting information in Altoona, Pennsylvania. In this search whenever I thought I had such and such a fact well nailed down it was sure to be ripped to pieces around the next corner. It seems to me a wonder how investigators manage to retain their sanity.

I have not investigated Harlem, but there is one place in Harlem which I am most anxious to visit. I have long wished to attend a service in St. Philip's Church. I am told the service there is one of the most beautiful and dignified that can be found in all New York. I should like to worship there some day and join in making humble confessions.

I do not remember ever to have read anything about Harlem, except one short paragraph. I read several years ago in some paper that Harlem voted largely for Mayor Hylan. I hope it is true, because if there is one thing that colored voters ought to do it is to divide. About forty years ago I wrote a short paper addressed to colored people proving that voting for the Democratic party was their right line. This paper was never published, but I have not changed from this opinion. It seems to me that it was well and wise for Harlem at least to divide in the mayoralty election, and I venture to express the hope that it divided this November. I am glad that Bishop Clements spoke out for Mr. Davis and that Bishop Hurst was for Mr. LaFollette. The point is to divide. There is one thing, however, on which Harlem would be right to combine, namely in having representation wherever she is entitled to it and wants it.

But why should an outsider be giving advice to Harlem? There are two articles in the October magazines which all of us in America might well read and mark. The first is the leading article in the *Atlantic;* the second is the editorial in the *Century.* Those who have read these articles will understand the reference to them in this connection, and I must not spoil the gist and fun of them for those who have not read them. Imbued with the revolutionary spirit of these articles the reader will believe that Harlem can get along without outside advice. I take it that the people of Harlem are about like other folks. There are well-to-do and poor, good and bad, industrious and idle. In fact, all populations seem to have a way of being people like other people. I found it this way even in Africa. In a conference which I had with several clever natives in Abyssinia I was not surprised to find that they had about the same elements of strength and weakness, the same aspirations and notions, the same desire for justice and the same consciousness of injustice, that people have the world over. It is true that these people

seem to need a start, and they are starting, but Harlem needs no start. Has not Harlem schools and churches and lodges and libraries and reading-rooms? Her preachers and teachers are doubtless as good as the average. Harlem has homes and business, all in the going way of the world.

It is entirely natural that there should be such a city as Harlem in New York. It is entirely natural that people of like race, whether Negroes or Serbs or Syrians, should flock together, and they do. There is no need for any law to make them. You can see this in every city. The newspapers tell now and then of cases of conflict at the overlapping of properties, but it is rather surprising that there are so few cases to chronicle. Negro people, as a rule, do not want to be where they are not wanted and welcomed, any more than other people. A Negro man who is a man has as much self-respect as any other man who is a man. Nor does the Negro, in his social and working relations, want any more interference than other people. Common justice and due respect, as they deserve it, are of course the things that all people want and ought to have. I see no special problem in Harlem, although, as I have confessed, my view is telescopic, and not microscopic. What Harlem needs is what every part of every city needs, namely, efficient and righteous government for the whole city.

# Decay

## GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Swift-footed Time, how eagerly you go
Across the swaying summer grasses bed
As on in breathless haste you hurry me
To Winter with its chilling winds and snow.

The noontide hour is fading—in my hair
The furtive shadows caper and recline.
I tell my beads of amethyst and gold
So near at end, so passing dear and fair.

NEGRO AMERICAN DELEGATES TO THE WORLD'S Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE AT HELSINGFORS, FINLAND

# The Wheels of Pharaoh

WILLIE MADGE BRYANT

WILLIE MADGE BRYANT

*This oration has been delivered thirteen times in Kansas and Colorado, by its author, Miss Willie Madge Bryant, a young white woman, a Junior at Fairmount College in Wichita. This message has stirred all sections that have heard it. She is a member of the "Anvil Chorus", a local cosmopolitan Student Discussion Group. I asked and have received her permission to publish it.*—THE EDITOR.

IT is noon in Egypt. The walls of a half-finished temple gleam magnificently in the sunlight. The laborers have long since become accustomed to the intense heat and their blackened backs bear witness to long days of toil. The overseer lies indifferently in the shade nearby, lifting his head now and then to drink cooling wine from a reed-covered flask.

Down the road which leads from the quarries to the city square, come two lines of men. They are dragging a great stone platform. The massive sphinx upon it looks down at them with unseeing eyes, as the heavy wheels turn forward inch by inch. Now and then along the line, a man stumbles with fatigue and his chain slackens. Instantly a lash sings out from the front of the platform. The man falls forward into place with a moan of anguish and the stone sphinx starts again on its slow journey.

All at once, above the turmoil of the labor, comes the silver call of a trumpet. A royal train approaches in all its majestic dignity and the litter of the mighty Pharaoh comes to rest beside the road. Under the stern eyes of their lord, the taskmasters curse the weary men to greater effort. Suddenly one of them reels, staggers against his neighbor. The whips cut him again and again as he crumples to earth. The whole line stops mechanically and the overseer runs to remove the fallen man. But even as he kneels to loose the chain, the king speaks in an imperious voice, "If a man clog the wheels of Pharaoh, let him be ground into the dust!" There is a moment of paralyzed silence. Then lashes flash into play. Human oxen strain forward with closed eyes and sickened souls. Mighty wheels move with maddening sureness toward a prostrate form. In the stillness which follows, a child screams, and a Pharaoh lifts a jeweled hand to signal his bearers on.

It is noon in America. Once again the sun lights up the splendor of an uncompleted temple. It is the temple of American civilization and the fame of its building has spread throughout the world. The foundations upon which it stands are freedom, equality and justice for all. Millions have spent their life's blood that the walls of that temple might be builded sure and strong for eternity. And yet in our midst, even as in Egypt of old, there toils a band of "Israelites"—who wear the "burnished livery of the sun". They are called the American Negroes. We, the builders of the mightiest nation of time, have torn them by brute force from their land and from their people. For many years they served us as slaves, merchandise to be bought and sold. Then we turned them out to shift for themselves, a strange people in a strange land. But in freeing them from the bonds of legal slavery, we have placed them beneath an intolerable burden. We have driven them with curses to the task of helping us erect an American civilization. And in our haste to see the walls of our temple rise, we have forgotten a great truth. A chain is as strong as its weakest link. The walls of a nation are as strong as their weakest stone. We are not one hundred and thirteen million whites and ten million blacks, but we are a hundred and twenty-three million human beings, bound together here for better or worse. We rise or fall together.

The black man has served us faithfully. The patience, loyalty and friendliness, which are the characteristics of the race, have stood them in good stead; and as yet they bear us no malice as a nation. There is no note of vengeance in their songs—only hope, and a prayer for the future.

The status of the Negro in the United

States today is that of an inferior being, doomed to remain such forever. In our cities, the majority of the Negroes live in the most disreputable parts of town. The colored district is marked by its unpaved streets, its lack of sanitary improvement, its unhealthy living conditions and its squalid, run-down houses. Yet it is often a matter of life or death for a Negro to move to a decent house near a white neighborhood. We have shackled the Negro to a degrading environment. We ostracize him because he cannot escape. We laud ourselves for our American toleration, for our broadmindedness. Yet we raise no protest when we see an American citizen condemned to perpetual strife because of the color of his skin.

Consciously or unconsciously, white minds have become so prejudiced that discrimination against color is the rule rather than the exception. * * *

Our prejudice against the Negro extends even into the field of education. Of the one billion dollars spent annually in the United States for education, the Negro receives but one-fiftieth. And what is the reward of a black man who does try to better himself through this means? Even if he has the highest training, turn where he will, he cannot secure a position outside of the narrow field of Negro-owned industries. Men who have graduated with honor from Harvard and Yale must endure the squalor of Jim Crow cars, are forced to climb to the top rows of theaters, are forbidden to eat in decent restaurants, or to sleep in decent hotels. To appear in publi·· means they must run the gauntlet of untold insults daily. And all because God chose to give them a little more color in their skins than there is in ours.

We shout our democracy to the world. We plead with tear-filled eyes for world peace, for a world fellowship of nations. Let us tear away the veil of our self satisfaction and look into the mirror which lies beyond. We shall see ourselves in the stark nakedness of reality. The Goddess of Justice stands bravely there on the pedestal where we have placed her. Her eyes are blindfolded, that she may not know whose fate is being weighed in the impartial scales in her hands. Yet if we look truly at this mirrored image, we shall see that a white nation has taken advantage of the blindness of Justice and has piled every human value into the balance against the black man.

It is not yet time for drastic measures. The Negro as a race is not ready to demand full justice. But the thinking men of America have their ears to the ground; and in the distance they hear the potent rumbling of a great host, gathering in its united strength. The black man is slowly wakening to a consciousness of race relationships and of the urgent need of his people.

And when these forces march out, in that vital hour, to meet the white man in consultation, let us be prepared. As American citizens, we must build between the two races a mighty road of good fellowship, of kindness, of deep and sympathetic understanding. The first step in the building of that road is to give the Negro his rightful opportunities as an American citizen. We can help him to help himself in the building of his churches, of his schools and of his recreational grounds. We can help him to secure better living conditions. We can give him the right to work, to strive to position on the basis of ability alone. We can give him the right to use public conveniences, to enter public places of amusement on the same terms as any other free citizen. We can allow him to be received socially by his friends of the white race. We can give him full protection and justice in United States courts. Such demands are neither extravagant nor impossible; and yet to grant them means that future intercourse between the two races will be paved with the spirit of Christian brotherhood.

Down the long road from the past comes a race of people, chained to the platform of American ideals. And if any Negro dares to struggle against his fate, a lash stings out from the front of the platform and he falls forward into place with the sting of "Negro!!" cutting into his very soul. Turn where he will, he meets with the same response, always the white man's weapon of color hatred singing about his ears.

From the far distance there comes again this treading of many feet. If we of the white race fail to heed that note of warning, if we fail in this task of responsibility towards our brothers we shall be halted in the building of our temple by the silver call of a trumpet. And a mightier Pharaoh than one of earth will say, "If any nation clog the wheels of a world brotherhood by injustice to a race within her own borders, let the mighty structure of that nation be ground into the dust of her own selfish blindness!"

# The Little Page

*Something About Birds*

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

### CALENDAR CHAT

DUNBAR in his poem "Sympathy" said that he could imagine what must be the feeling of the caged bird as he listens to the free birds singing about him, taunting in their boundless liberty.

You have read so much of the great Italian painter, Da Vinci. You have seen many prints from his Mona Lisa, or La Gioconda, as the mysteriously-smiling lady is sometimes called because her husband was Giocondo. But have you remembered that this same Da Vinci who painted Mona Lisa, The Last Supper, Madonna of the Rocks—this same Da Vinci, who was a sculptor, a military engineer, a writer of masks and pageants, the musician who took his home-manufactured silver harp to the court of Milan, mathematician, mineralogist—what not—this same imposing courtier in his long rose-colored robe used to buy caged birds whenever he was able and set them free, and watch them with great joy flying into the turquoise skies of Italy? I shall write you a rhyme about Da Vinci, so that when you read of his art you will think of his *heart*.

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### LEONARDO'S BIRDS

THERE once was a painter in gold Italy
Who bought birds in cages, and set them all free.
His name was Leonardo, his birthplace, Vinci.

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### GAY CARDINALS

CARDINALS were once commonly sold in this country for cage birds. Can you imagine gay Sir Cardinal in his grenadier's hat as a prisoner? He is the joyous bird that lights upon the highest boughs to sing of sunrise. It was such a treat to find him one winter when we went to Florida, planted among the reeds that fringed the lagoons. He was so well behaved that even the staid, decorous blue herons seemed to tolerate him in their marshes. But the grackles and red-winged black birds! They

were so noisy there at the Florida resort that I felt shame in realizing that they and I had come from the same part of the country.

They are southward bound now, those noisy grackles. They feast in the fields as they travel by hundreds, making a terrible racket. They fairly stipple the air as they fly up from the stubble.

All sorts of birds are traveling southward now and never do I see them hurrying through the sky but I think of the bird that peeps from behind little gilded bars and beats his wings against the walls of prison.

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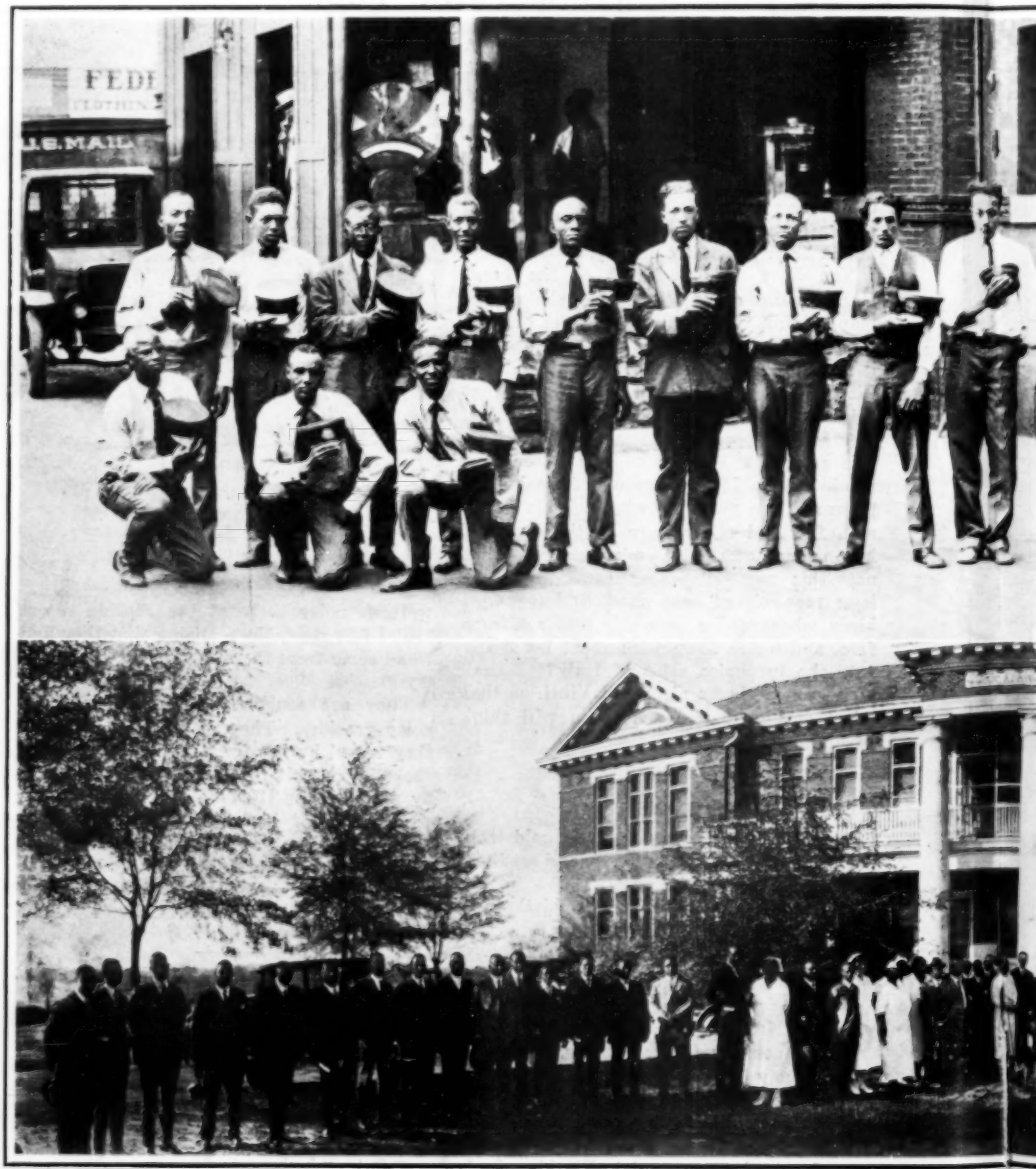
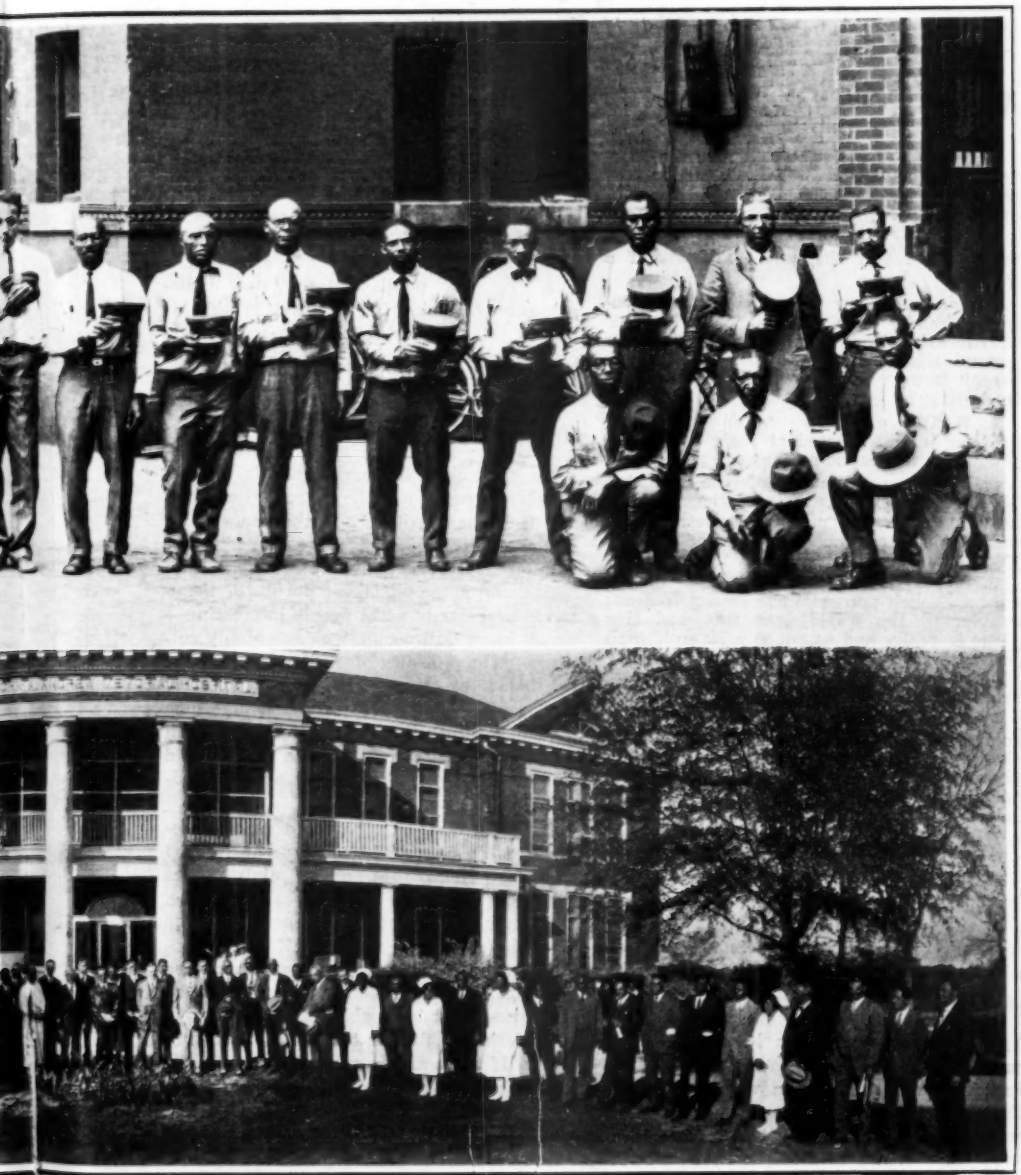
### ROLL CALL

PRETTY Bird,
Homely Bird,
Dull Bird and
Gay!
Come, pack your songs up tight,
Let's fly away!
Autumn's here,
Winter near,
Quick! Off we go!
Leave only those
Who love the snows,
Like Titmouse and Junco.




ABOVE—NEGRO LETTER CARRIERS
BELOW—1926 CLINIC, THE JOHN A. ANDREW MEMORIAL



RRIERS OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA
EMORIAL HOSPITAL, TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALABAMA

# The Negro in Art

## *How Shall He Be Portrayed*

## *A Symposium*

WE have asked the artists of the world these questions:

1. When the artist, black or white, portrays Negro characters is he under any obligations or limitations as to the sort of character he will portray?

2. Can any author be criticized for painting the worst or the best characters of a group?

3. Can publishers be criticized for refusing to handle novels that portray Negroes of education and accomplishment, on the ground that these characters are no different from white folk and therefore not interesting?

4. What are Negroes to do when they are continually painted at their worst and judged by the public as they are painted?

5. Does the situation of the educated Negro in America with its pathos, humiliation and tragedy call for artistic treatment at least as sincere and sympathetic as "Porgy" received?

6. Is not the continual portrayal of the sordid, foolish and criminal among Negroes convincing the world that this and this alone is really and essentially Negroid, and preventing white artists from knowing any other types and preventing black artists from daring to paint them?

7. Is there not a real danger that young colored writers will be tempted to follow the popular trend in portraying Negro character in the underworld rather than seeking to paint the truth about themselves and their own social class?

Here are some answers. More will follow:

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1. The realm of art is almost the only territory in which the mind is free, and of all the arts that of creative fiction is the freest. Painting, sculpture, music, poetry, the stage, are all more or less hampered by convention—even jazz has been tamed and harnessed, and there are rules for writing free verse. The man with the pen in the field of fiction is the only free lance, with the whole world to tilt at. Within the very wide limits of the present day conception of decency, he can write what he pleases. I see no possible reason why a colored writer should not have the same freedom. We want no color line in literature.

2. It depends on how and what he writes about them. A true picture of life would include the good, the bad and the indifferent. Most people, of whatever group, belong to the third class, and are therefore not interesting subjects of fiction. A writer who made all Negroes bad and all white people good, or *vice versa*, would not be a true artist, and could justly be criticised.

3. To the publisher, the one indispensable requisite for a novel is that it should sell, and to sell, it must be interesting. No publisher wants to bring out and no reader cares to read a dull book. To be interesting, a character in a novel must have personality. It is perhaps unfortunate that so few of the many Negro or Negroid characters in current novels are admirable types; but they are interesting, and it is the privilege and the opportunity of the colored writer to make characters of a different sort equally interesting. Education and accomplishment do not of themselves necessarily make people interesting—we all know dull people who are highly cultured. The difficulty of finding a publisher for books by Negro authors has largely disappeared—publishers are seeking such books. Whether the demand for them shall prove to be more than a mere passing fad will depend upon the quality of the product.

4. Well, what can they do except to protest, and to paint a better type of Negro?

5. The Negro race and its mixtures are scattered over most of the earth's surface, and come in contact with men of other races in countless ways. All these contacts, with their resultant reactions, are potential themes of fiction, and the writer of genius ought to be able, with this wealth of material, to find or to create interesting types. If there are no super-Negroes, make some, as Mr. Cable did in his *Bras Coupé*. Some of the men and women who have had the greatest influence on civilization have been purely creatures of the imagination. It might not be a bad idea to create a few white men who not only think they are, but who really are entirely unprejudiced in their dealings with colored folk—it is the highest privilege of art to depict the ideal. There are plenty of Negro and Negroid

types which a real artist could make interesting to the general reader without making all the men archangels, or scoundrels, or weaklings, or all the women unchaste. The writer, of whatever color, with the eye to see, the heart to feel and the pen to record the real romance, the worthy ambition, the broad humanity, which exist among colored people of every class, in spite of their handicaps, will find a hearing and reap his reward.

6. I do not think so. People who read books read the newspapers, and cannot possibly conceive that crime is peculiarly Negroid. In fact, in the matter of serious crime the Negro is a mere piker compared with the white man. In South Carolina, where the Negroes out number the whites, the penitentiary has more white than colored inmates. Of course the propagandist, of whatever integumentary pigment, will, of purpose or unconsciously, distort the facts. My most popular novel was distorted and mangled by a colored moving picture producer to make it appeal to Negro race prejudice.

7. I think there is little danger of young colored writers writing too much about Negro characters in the underworld, so long as they do it well. Some successful authors have specialized in crook stories, and some crooks are mighty interesting people. The colored writer of fiction should study life in all its aspects. He should not worry about his social class. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the general reading public can be interested today in a long serious novel based upon the social struggles of colored people. Good work has been done along this line with the short story, but colored society is still too inchoate to have developed the fine shades and nuances of the more sophisticated society with which the ordinary novel of manner deals. Pride of caste is hardly convincing in a people where the same family, in the same generation, may produce a bishop and a butler, a lawyer and a lackey, not as an accident or a rarity but almost as a matter of course. On the other hand it can be argued that at the hand of a master these sharp contrasts could be made highly dramatic. But there is no formula for these things, and the discerning writer will make his own rules.

The prevailing weakness of Negro writings, from the viewpoint of art, is that they are too subjective. The colored writer, generally speaking, has not yet passed the point of thinking of himself first as a Negro, burdened with the responsibility of defending and uplifting his race. Such a frame of mind, however praiseworthy from a moral standpoint, is bad for art. Tell your story, and if it is on a vital subject, well told, with an outcome that commends itself to right-thinking people, it will, if interesting, be an effective brief for whatever cause it incidentally may postulate.

Why let Octavus Roy Cohen or Hugh Wiley have a monopoly of the humorous side of Negro life? White artists caricatured the Negro on the stage until Ernest Hogan and Bert Williams discovered that colored men could bring out the Negro's more amusing characteristics in a better and more interesting way.

Why does not some colored writer build a story around a Negro oil millionaire, and the difficulty he or she has in keeping any of his or her money? A Pullman porter who performs wonderful feats in the detection of crime has great possibilities. The Negro visionary who would change the world over night and bridge the gap between races in a decade would make an effective character in fiction. But the really epical race novel, in which love and hatred, high endeavor, success and failure, sheer comedy and stark tragedy are mingled, is yet to be written, and let us hope that a man of Negro blood may write it.

CHARLES W. CHESNUTT.

# Courier

## GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

WHERE are the brave men?
Where are the strong men?
Pygmies rise and spawn the earth,
Weak-kneed, weak-hearted and afraid!
Afraid to face the counsel of their timid hearts,
Afraid to look men squarely—
Down they gaze
With fatal fascination—
Down,
Down
Into the whirling maggot-sands
Of prejudice!

# Segregation

## LEWIS E. FRAZEUR

*This article is one section of a copyrighted pamphlet, "Ill-Will: Segregation: Good-Will". It is reprinted here with permission of the author.*—THE EDITOR.

I AM a native-born white man.

As a citizen, I protest against any segregation of colored citizens.

As a tax-payer, I oppose any infringement of the rights of colored tax-payers.

As an American, I am against any abridgement of the privileges and liberties of colored Americans.

As a Christian, I disapprove of every manifestation of ill-will toward our colored folk and I wholly commit myself to the practice of a Christlike good-will.

I stand squarely opposed to any denial of the right of a Negro to buy and occupy property where he chooses. Segregation violates the natural right of residence of American citizens.

I am unalterably opposed to segregating the colored people because it establishes customs and precedents which place every minority at the mercy of the group in power at any given time. Different social conditions and a changing popular opinion may easily involve the Jew, the foreign born, the Catholic, the Socialist, or any other minority incurring the displeasure of the ruling group. A threat against one group is a peril to every other group in the nation. The safety of one group involves the security of all.

I am against incurring needless litigation, costing the colored populace and the white tax-paper heavily in time, effort and money. The U. S. Supreme Court has repeatedly declared segregation to be unconstitutional and it is both foolish and wasteful to attempt that which cannot be upheld.

I protest against segregation of the colored citizen because it is contrary to the traditional hospitality of the early pioneers. Segregation repudiates the traditions of American tolerance, good-will and democracy.

I am opposed to segregation because it is the adoption of an administrative policy and sentiment which emanate from communities infected with the mob spirit and the lynching mania.

I stand squarely against segregation because only a small group of our citizens actually demand it. A survey of our population shows one solid group, the colored folk, opposing it. The majority of Jews and foreign-born are against it because it directly threatens them. Many Catholics and Protestants are against it as a matter of common justice. There are thousands who do not disapprove of segregation, yet who do not assert their demand for such a measure. Hence the actual demand for segregation arises from the relatively small group who happen to be in power.

I protest against the appeal to racial hatred; I am against arousing the race spirit; I am opposed to stimulating racial antagonism; for such are the outstanding results of all segregation measures.

I object to segregation because it implicates me, as a member of white society, in a social policy and attitude which I hold to be grossly unjust, un-American and unnecessary.

I am against segregation because it increases the problem of the housing of our colored citizens. It makes the housing conditions for Negro families worse without offering a single hope of betterment.

I am against segregation because it has always failed everywhere it has been tried out. It has failed with every race in every land to promote social peace, common welfare, or mutual respect and progress. Its unfailing effect has been to intensify racial bitterness, incite to violence and gross injustices, and perpetrate brutal atrocities.

I protest against segregation because it is undemocratic, un-Christian, unnecessary, unsocial, unwise, unjust and harmful to social peace and common welfare.

# The Outer Pocket

In the very interesting letter received from Mrs. Peterkin (published in the September CRISIS) regarding material which can be used by the Negro writer, I note one matter with which I should like to take issue. She speaks of the nobility of the Negro Mammy and decries the colored men and women of to-day who do not wish to see that virtuous person immortalized.

Now I believe that the present-day Negro is quite right in his antagonism to the Mammy complex. Not only because her praises have been sung by the Southerners *ad nauseam*, but because fundamentally there is something the matter with her. Her virtue was not the virtue that she should rightfully have shown.

When a white child in ante-bellum days needed a nurse, it might be a wet nurse, a slave was chosen who possessed the right physique and the right disposition to care for this child. The Mammy having been found, she was separated from her own baby and put in charge of the white one. Her life was passed after this among the whites. Their interests were her interests. Thomas Nelson Page has said slightingly that she seemed to care very little for her own offspring, but just insofar as she ceased to care for her own she was the better "Mammy". A good nurse should belong wholly to the child she serves. She will even betray her own people in the interests of her little white baby. Her very faithfulness, while endearing her to her master and mistress, makes her an object of distrust to the blacks whom she has, to some extent at least, deserted.

All Mrs. Peterkin or any of us whites have to do to understand the Negroes' feeling is to reverse the case. Would we care to write glowing pages in praise of a mother who had given all her strength and love to another child and left us neglected and lonely? Would we want a statue to white motherhood if it had been forced to care in slavery for black motherhood? Once we turn the tables we understand. No one would care to see her own mother immortalized as a slave, forced to neglect the child of her flesh.

Very truly,
MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

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It seems sheer presumptuousness on my part, writing to you like this. But since my intentions are of the best, perhaps I may be forgiven.

In reading a recent issue of THE CRISIS, the article "The Negro in Art" interested me very much, so much, in fact, that I find myself constantly reading and re-reading it.

For the young Negro writer there is a two-fold problem. First, in choosing the characters to be portrayed; second, finding a magazine or publishing house that will buy his works. Of course if we had our own race magazines or publishing houses for the encouragement of Negro writers this problem would be simplified and we could give free scope to our inclinations and imaginations. I speak from experience, having written two short stories that were published in white magazines.

In High School and College my instructors discovered that I had some talent for composing. I was encouraged in every way, being excused from all technical class work in English, with the special task of preparing sketches for class presentation and writing little stories and articles for the class paper. Fired by the encouragement of my instructors I got the idea that I was pretty good along this particular line. So I wrote several short stories on Negro life, my knowledge naturally being limited to my own race. As fast as these stories were written they were torn up, because when compared to standard works they failed to stand the test. After weeks of effort and concentration I finally achieved something that was satisfactory both to myself and to my instructors. I surveyed the work of my brain with pleasure and forthwith sent it to a magazine. In a few days it was returned. There was nothing wrong with it, only it wasn't the type of story published by this magazine. This seemed

odd to me, since I had repeatedly read in this magazine numbers of Negro stories by a famous white author of a similar type to the one I had written. Nothing daunted I sent it to another magazine, receiving a nice reply that no other stories would be accepted as all plans for the year had been made. This statement was heartbreaking, more so when I learned that a story written by a white lady that my mother worked for had been sent to this magazine and had been accepted.

I sat right down and revised my story, changing the color of the characters and the locale, sent it under an assumed name with a change of address and it was accepted by the same magazine that had refused it, the editor promising to take anything else I might send in providing it was good enough.

There is a great deal of prejudice against Negro writers, even if the best authorities do persist in claiming that Art knows no color line. For myself I have solved the problem. In writing my stories I never give my characters color, nor do I use themes that are racial. The things that I write about are things that could and do happen to any race, irrespective of color. They are also things that I am familiar with. However I am merely struggling now for a foothold in this world of Literature. Some day when I reach a certain pinnacle in the ladder of success and when I can afford to be optional and follow my own inclinations I am going to write great stories of great Negroes with great racial themes. Yes, some day. I am still young, being only twenty-two.

(North Carolina.)

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I am sending you two views of Cape Coast, West Africa, which I think viewed together will afford a good study in contrasts and give an accurate idea of the progress to be noted in any typical African town.

It is the school-house which is to be the dynamic factor in revolutionizing the Continent of Mystery. Not that simply learning the tables or the rules of grammar will necessarily make a better man of our African brother. But rather the inspiration which he receives to pursue knowledge and explore the realm of higher culture. The acquisition of these results in a revaluation of both himself and his teachers. The cultured African investigates; and his investigations create in him a disposedness to conserve the best in his native civilization. He learns to discriminate and this leads to the rejection of many features of Western Civilization which he at first worshipped.

I am discovering that the African boy who has simply finished the standards conducted in the elementary school is intensely Western. But after he has gone through College or University he begins to "think black"; he develops a national consciousness which puts him in sympathy with the best customs of his fathers. Nothing I have said quite explains it. But it exists, a sensitive and elusive something; which sometimes perplexes but always pleases you.

The conviction deepens that if Africa is to be redeemed her redemption must be wrought by Africans indigenous to the soil. Even Africans of the dispersion are not competent, save as they may quicken and give impetus to the upward looking and innate striving toward the dawn. Motion always needs direction; and the dormant must be made distinct. Missionaries are necessary only as they determine to make themselves unnecessary.

It is in this particular that the American Negro can become an actor in the bringing about of that for which we all hope. What an unique opportunity has the Church which I represent in the Gold Coast Colony. It is the only American religious organization operating in this area. The only Church with a race appeal and racial affinity. By putting the right emphasis on education and pointing the solution to many of the African's problems, we could make tangible contribution to his racial aims and national strivings.

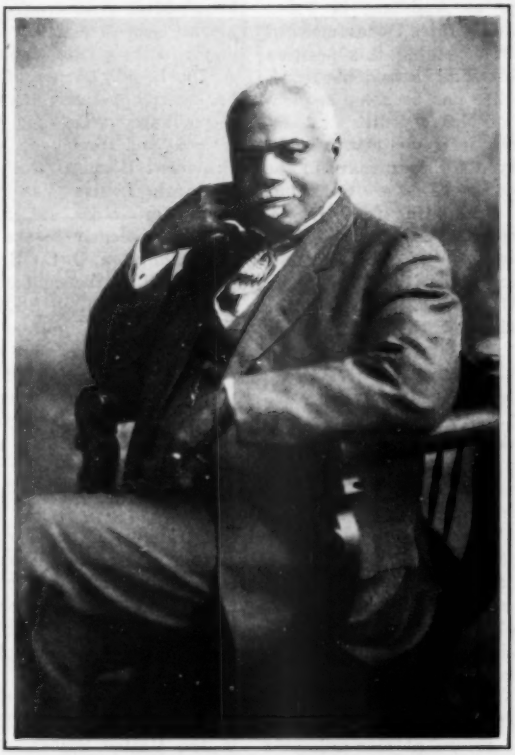
Wherever and whenever men foregather to consider these problems, the African must intrude and obtrude his opinion, until black men, at home and abroad, are given their rightful place as mediums of contact and distribution of culture among members of their group.

C. C. Alleyne, Bishop,
A. M. E. Zion Mission,
Cape Coast, Gold Coast
West Africa.

# The Horizon

¶ Dr. William Sanders Scarborough died recently at his home in Wilberforce, Ohio, at the age of 72 years. For 43 years he was connected with Wilberforce University, for many years as a professor and for 12 years (1908-20) as its president. He was president *emeritus* at the time of his death.

Dr. Scarborough was born in Macon, Ga. He attended Atlanta University and received the degrees of A.B. and A.M. from Oberlin College. Later he was given honorary degrees of Ph.D. and LL.D. from various educational institutions. He was the author of a Greek grammar, which was published in 1881, and which was used as a textbook in many colleges.



DR. WILLIAM SANDERS SCARBOROUGH

Dr. Scarborough was long a contributor to the press of this country, including the leading magazines. He was since 1893 the exegetical editor of the A. M. E. Church Sunday School publications. He was a member of a number of learned societies: American Philological, American Dialect, American Social Science, Archaeological Institute of America, American Spelling Reform, American Folk-lore, American Political and Social Science, the Egyptian Exploration Fund Association, National Geographical Society, American Negro Academy, The American-Japan Society, New York Academy of Science and Affiliated Societies, the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, London, England, a society founded more than two hundred years ago. He had several times been one of the invited orators at the Lincoln League Banquet of the State of Ohio. He was appointed by the Governor of Ohio a delegate to the National Conference in St. Louis in the interest of Negro Education. He was the only Negro representative on the board of the Lincoln Memorial Association of Ohio, which is presided over by the Governor.

During the World War he was a member of the Food Commission for the State of Ohio and was also appointed by the Governor of the State as a member of the National Council of Defence. He was well known locally, nationally and internationally. He was an outstanding figure in Ohio politics for years and was appointed by

Harrison H. Ferrell P. A. Hamilton Dr. H. Rowland Furlonge Maude C. Armstrong

President Harding as Assistant in Farm Studies in the United States Department of Agriculture, in 1921, holding this position until the year following President Harding's death. His life has been an inspiration to thousands of Negro youths.

¶ Harrison Ferrell is a violinist of promise. He has played for four years in the Symphony Orchestra of the Columbus School of Music. Graduating from Englewood High School in Chicago, he was awarded a scholarship at Northwestern University. He also received a fellowship in German at the University. Recently the National Association of Negro Musicians awarded him a scholarship of $200 to further his musical education.

¶ Mr. P. A. Hamilton has completed five and a half years of service as representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Egypt and the Sudan, with headquarters at Khartoum. His journeys have taken him into the interior as far as the western part of Abyssinia. After a recent visit to this territory, Dr. S. M. Zwemer, an official of the Society, said of Mr. Hamilton's work: "I have found traces everywhere of his excellent work".

¶ Dr. H. Rowland Furlonge, a graduate of the Howard University School of Medicine in the class of 1926, and an interne at Freedmen's Hospital, Washington, D. C., made an excellent record at Howard. He won many prizes offered to students of the Medical School, among which was the Dumas Prize for the highest average, all subjects, during his four years of medical study.

¶ Miss Maude C. Armstrong, a graduate of the Chicago College of Music in 1925, appeared recently in a recital before an audience of nearly two thousand people in the Pythian Temple, New Orleans, Louisiana. Miss Armstrong is principal of a private school of music and is a teacher of music in the public schools of New Orleans.

¶ Dr. L. W. Turner of Kansas City, Mo., has been appointed deputy-coroner. He is a graduate of Howard University Medical School and president of the Wheatley-Provident Hospital staff of Kansas City.

¶ Sarah Louise Van Allen represented Worcester, Mass., at a national spelling bee held recently in the National Museum at Washington, D. C. She was the only colored child in the contest.

¶ The first United States open championship for Negro golfers was held at the Mapledale Country Club near Boston, Mass., recently. Forty-eight golfers from twelve states participated. Harry Jackson, a professional from Washington, D. C., won the contest, receiving $100 and a gold medal.

¶ Mrs. Matilda Griffin of Columbia, S. C., has erected a $7,000 building as a memorial to her sons, Sergeant Samuel H. Griffin and Clifton Griffin, who were killed in France during the World War. A plate is to be a part of the cornerstone, bearing a statement from General Pershing as to the bravery and honorable service of Sergt. Samuel H. Griffin, Supply Company, 811th Pioneer Infantry.

¶ According to recent Government statistics there are 23,526 Negro retail dealers in the United States. Among these were 6,339 grocers; 3,009 butchers and meat dealers; 910 druggists; 884 proprietors of general stores; 576 who conducted candy and confectionery stores; 362 dealers in dry goods, fancy goods and notions; 141 dealers in boots and shoes; and 128 merchants who specialized in clothing and men's furnishing goods. There were also 34 department stores.

¶ Henry Vanness the only colored railroad

REV. FATHER NORMAN A. DUCKETTE

conductor in the United States died recently in Rockville, Connecticut. His funeral was attended by representatives from the Railroad Conductors' Union and the New England Veteran Railroad Men's Association.

¶ The Reverend Father Norman A. Duckette is an ordained priest in the Catholic Church in the Diocese of Detroit.

¶ The Colored Women's Clubs of Georgia conducted an exhibition of the progress of Negroes in Georgia at the State fair held September 27 to October 1. Many Georgia schools and colleges, as well as numerous individuals, were represented in the exhibit.

¶ Professor Lorenzo D. Turner, head of the Department of English at Howard University, received the Ph.D. degree in English from the University of Chicago at its Convocation held September 23d. The subject of his dissertation was "Anti-Slavery Sentiment in American Literature prior to 1865". For the high scholarship average which he maintained at the University of Chicago prior to 1924, Dr. Turner was awarded the Charles H. Smiley Scholarship and completed his residence work for the Doctor's degree in 1924-1925. He holds also the A.B. degree from Howard University (1914) and the A.M. degree in English from Harvard (1917). Since 1917 he has held every rank from instructor to full professor of English at Howard University, and since 1920 has been head of the English Department there.

¶ The Fellowship of Reconciliation held its annual Fall Conference at Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Ways of promoting peace were discussed. Grace Watson and Emily Green Balch, who were members of the Mission of Inquiry which visited Haiti earlier in the year, brought a sad tale of the results of the American military occupation of that country in the suppression of free institutions and the introduction of racial discrimination. The Conference adopted a letter of sympathy to the people of Haiti and the Council authorized a letter to President Coolidge asking for the ending of the military rule.

¶ Five hundred dollars in prizes is offered by *The World Tomorrow* for the eight most significant articles sent in by November 10th, 1926, on the general subject "What Youth is Thinking". The contest is open to any one under twenty-five years of age, in which classification first, second, third and fourth prizes will be awarded of respectively $100, $75, $50 and $25. A con-

LORENZO D. TURNER, PH.D.

test on the same subject and with similar prizes is open to contestants between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age. The winning essays will be published in the January issue of *The World Tomorrow*.

¶ "Sunshine Sammy," the popular movie star, has signed a twenty week contract with the Orpheum Circuit in Chicago for appearance in vaudeville. He is to receive $500 a week.

¶ Governors from twelve states appointed delegates to the National Colored Sociological Conference held in Washington, D. C., recently. The general theme of the convention was harmony between races. Professor Jesse Lawson of Washington, D. C., was re-elected president.

¶ The Negro farmers of Virginia have organized to promote agriculture among the Negroes of that state. The organization was formed under the state extension service. T. L. G. Walden of Nansemond County is president.

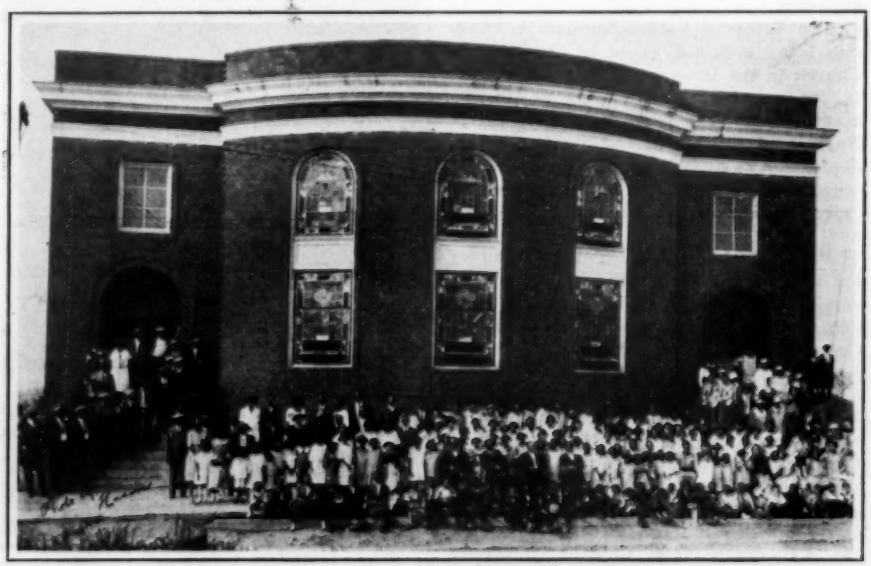
¶ A banquet was given in New York City recently in honor of Hon. Clement Malone of Antigua, British West Indies, who has been visiting the United States and Canada. Mr. Malone is a graduate of the Middle Temple, London, England, and the leading legal practitioner in St. Kitts, B.W.I. He is also a member of the Legislative Council of St. Kitts-Nevis and an elected representative in the General Legislative Council of the Leeward Islands.

¶ Hon. Harry E. Davis of Cleveland, Ohio, has been renominated for representative to the State legislature. Mr. Davis is a prominent Ohio citizen and a member of the Board of Directors of the N. A. A. C. P.

¶ Wade A. Langford, a graduate of Sumner High School, St. Louis, Mo., won first prize of $250 in the *Detroit Independent* scholarship circulation contest. He will reenter the University of Michigan, where he was at one time a student.

¶ The National Negro Bankers Association has become a permanent organization as result of a recent convention in Philadelphia. Major R. R. Wright, Sr., president of the Citizens and Southern Bank, Philadelphia, was elected president of the permanent association. Mr. Wilson Lovett, president of the First Standard Bank of Louisville, Ky., was elected secretary; and Mr. C. C. Spaulding, president of the Mechanics and Farmers Bank, Durham, N. C., treasurer.

¶ The Woman's League, an organization for the promotion of social welfare among the Negro population of Hartford, Conn., has been admitted into the Community Chest of that city and hereafter will be allocated a portion of the Chest Fund for work among Negroes. The League at present conducts a community house.



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF ST. PAUL C. M. E. CHURCH, JACKSON, TENN.

ASCENSION COMMANDERY AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPH, PARIS

¶ A group of Knight Templars, headed by Alfred R. Smith, Past Eminent Commander of the Ascension Commandery, Number 6, New York City, recently placed a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomph, in Paris, France. Assisting Mr. Smith in the ceremonies were Alonzo Williams, Clifton M. Davis and Jesse Baltimore, all Knight Templars of the Ascension Commandery.

¶ Hazel Brown, a graduate of Lincoln High School in Kansas City, and now a sophomore at Kansas University, has been placed on the honor roll of the university because of high scholarship.

¶ R. H. Amphlett Leader, postmaster at Fredericksted, St. Croix, Virgin Islands, was a visitor to the United States recently. He toured many of the large cities including in his itinerary New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia and Cleveland.

¶ According to statistics of the United States Department of Labor, the Negro farmer raises 39 per cent of the cotton produced in the United States, 21 per cent of the sweet potatoes, 10 per cent of the tobacco, 9 per cent of the rice, 3.5 per cent of the corn and 1 per cent of the potatoes.

COLLINS CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL, MEMPHIS, TENN.

EDMUND JENKINS

¶ Edmund Jenkins died in Paris, France, in mid-September at the age of thirty-one years. He was the son of the Reverend Daniel J. Jenkins, founder of the Jenkins Orphanage, in Charleston, S. C. Mr. Jenkins received his academic training at Morehouse College and was graduated from the Royal Academy of Music in London in 1919. He served for some time as instructor in the Academy. He was a performer and composer of unusual ability, his most ambitious work being "Charlestonia", a syncopated symphony built largely upon Negro themes. He had lived for more than ten years in Europe and recently had been the Director of the Anglo-Continental American Music Press, Paris. Funeral services were held for him at the American Church in Paris. In attendance at the funeral were several American friends, including Dr. Alain Locke, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Renforth Smith, of New York, and their son Albert Smith, the artist, now resident in Paris. The body of Mr. Jenkins was brought to America for burial.

¶ "The Scenic Limited", an express train of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad, was wrecked a short time ago. The heroes of the wreck, according to the unanimous opinion of the passengers, were the Negro men who made up the personnel of the dining car and Pullman service. All of these men worked bravely and diligently at the rescue work, disregarding their wounds although some of them were seriously injured. Among the most outstanding incidents of bravery that occurred at the wreck was that of Lee Horne, a Negro porter, from Denver, Colorado, who, despite the fact that his shoulder was crushed and his head was bleeding profusely from a deep gash, helped all of the passengers in his Pullman car to safety, including four women badly injured. Horne collapsed and had to be taken from the car.

¶ A dinner was held at the International House, New York City, October 12, in honor of Max Yergan, who has returned to America on furlough after five years of service as Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Associations for the natives of South Africa.

¶ Miss Clarissa Mae Scott, daughter of Dr. Emmett J. Scott, Secretary-Treasurer of Howard University, and Mr. Hubert Thomas Delany, son of Bishop Henry B. Delany, Suffragan Bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina, were married at Saint Mary's Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., on October 9. Miss Scott graduated from Wellesley College, Phi Beta Kappa, and has taught in the Dunbar High School in Washington. Mr. Delany graduated from the College of the City of New York and from the New York University School of Law.

¶ The Henry Sachs scholarship which is awarded annually to a Negro student, preferably a graduate of the Colorado Springs High School, has been awarded for the year 1926-27 to Jessie Tarrant. Mr. Sachs established this scholarship in December, 1925, and has personally selected the recipient for the last two years. The holder for the year 1925-26 was Dolphus Stroud.

¶ A testimonial recital and reception was given by the citizens of Washington, D. C., at the Dunbar High School on October 19 in honor of Prof. J. Henry Lewis, on the occasion of the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Amphion Glee Club, of which he is director.

¶ Charles B. Ray, of West Chester, Pa., a student at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, has been chosen captain of the Bates College football team. Mr. Ray has made an excellent record both in athletics and scholarship.

¶ The United States Government, through the Department of the Interior, has appropriated $370,000 for the erection of a new Medical School Building for Howard University. The trustees are to provide $130,000 additional for equipment.

¶ On the opposite page we picture two residences. Above is the residence of Mr. A. E. Bush of Little Rock, Arkansas. Mr. Bush is the National Grand Scribe and Treasurer of the Mosaic Templars of America. Below is the residence of Dr. W. J. Parks, a successful practicing physician of Asbury Park, New Jersey.

ABOVE: RESIDENCE OF MR. A. E. BUSH, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS
BELOW: RESIDENCE OF DR. W. J. PARKS, ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY

¶ Benjamin F. Hubert, formerly Chief of the Agricultural Department of Tuskegee Institute, has been elected president of the Georgia State Industrial College. Mr. Hubert was graduated from Morehouse College in Atlanta in 1909 with the degree of A. B. and at the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst in 1912 with the degree of B.S. He has taken post-graduate work at the University of Wisconsin and the University of Minnesota.

President Hubert was director of agriculture and agricultural extension at the South Carolina State College from 1912 to 1920, and was the editor of the *Palmetto Farm*. During the War he was a member of the food administration board for the state of South Carolina and served in France as supervisor for agricultural training for colored troops in France.

¶ Vance H. Marchbanks, Jr., son of Warrant Officer and Mrs. Marchbanks, of the Tenth Cavalry, has been designated by President Coolidge as a competitor for appointment as a cadet to West Point.

¶ W. A. Kyles of Richmond, Va., represented his Branch 2027 of the Post Office Clerk's Union in their National Convention recently held in Philadelphia.

¶ The Harry T. Burleigh Musical Society of Terre Haute, Indiana, has recently produced Maud Cuney Hare's play, "Antar of Araby", with Lawrence Parrish in the title role.

Lawrence Parrish
As Antar

¶ Mrs. Leona Knox Robinson gave a spectacular pageant entitled "Cinderella in Flowerland," at the playground at Fifty-eighth and Haveford Avenue in Philadelphia. The play was enacted by a cast of more than 400 children, all under 12 years of age, including children of both races.

¶ The first recipients of the scholarships offered by the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority's New York chapter are Miss Harriet Ida Pickens, daughter of William Pickens, and Miss Elizabeth Beine. Both girls are graduates of Wadleigh High School. The scholarships, of $150 each, were awarded for the high scholastic averages maintained by the girls during the four years of their high school training. Miss Pickens has matriculated at Smith College and Miss Beine enters Hunter College, New York City.

¶ A tablet has been erected in Detroit to Seymour Finley. In defiance of the Fugitive Slave Law he housed and fed and secretly passed hundreds of runaway slaves over the border into Canada.

¶ Helen S. Beattie of Clifton Springs, N. Y., who died recently, left $294,506 to Tuskegee Institute. The Institute also recently received a bequest of $25,000 from the will of Mrs. Annie C. Kane of New York.

¶ At the recent Democratic convention of the State of Oklahoma, nine Negro delegates were seated, eight from Tulsa and one from Muskogee. This is heralded by newspapers as "a complete reversal of attitude on the part of the Democratic party of Oklahoma towards Negroes".

¶ Miss Martha Moseley, a graduate in the class of 1926 of the Training School of Mercy Hospital, Philadelphia, received an appointment as Social Service Worker in the Chest Department of Jefferson Hospital. Miss Moseley at graduation received the prize for the best all around nurse during her three years' course. She received also the gynecological prize. During the summer she has been on duty at the Surgical Emergency Station at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition.

¶ Harry A. Williams of New York City is to head the Music Department of the Florida Normal and Collegiate Institute. Mr. Williams has studied under Delle Sedi and Sbriglio in Paris and Denza and Tosti in London. He formerly taught singing in the London Academy of Music and was more recently Director of the Vocal Department of the Washington Conservatory of Music.

¶ Sam Dabney, colored coal miner of Harvey, West Virginia, is the champion coal digger and loader of the state according to the reports which were received at the state mines department recently. Dabney, during the month of July, loaded 554 tons of coal in 26½ working days, besides doing day work. The figures received show that he worked at coal loading for 196 hours on a basis of eight hours a day and that he loaded an average of 2.08 tons of coal every hour that he worked.

# The Looking Glass

## *LITERAURE*

BLACK MADONNA

Not as the white nations
know thee
O Mother!

But swarthy of cheek
and full-lipped as the
child races are.

Yet thou art she,
the Immaculate Maid,
and none other.

Crowned in the stable
at Bethlehem,
hailed of the star.

See where they come,
thy people,
so humbly appealing.

From the ancient lands
where the olden faiths
had birth.

Tired dusky hands
uplifted for thy
healing.

Pity them, Mother,
the untaught
of earth.

ALBERT RICE,
In *Palms*.

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Boni and Liveright have published *Tropic Death* by Eric Walrond. The book contains ten stories dealing with Negro life in the Tropics.

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*Palms*, a magazine devoted to poetry and published in Guadalajara, Mexico, has devoted its entire October number to Negro poets. Countée Cullen is editor of this number, which includes among its contributors Arna Bontemps, Albert Rice, Clarissa Scott, Georgia Douglas Johnson, William Stanley Braithwaite, Waring Cuney, Anne Spencer, Lewis Alexander, Jessie Fauset, W. E. B. Du Bois, Bruce Nugent, Gwendolyn Bennett, Helene Johnson, Langston Hughes, Walter White and Alain Locke.

## *IMPERIALISM*

THE partitioning of Africa still goes merrily on among the Continental powers, while the United States confines her imperialistic aims mostly to this hemisphere.

France, but recently conqueror of the Riffs of Morocco at a terrible expense and still imposing its authority on the unwilling Druse tribes in Syria, is faced with a grave problem in the French colonies of Algeria and Tunisia.

Says the *Nation:*

All of North Africa is restless today. From Morocco through Egypt, there is threat of uprising, open insurrection or rumbling underground. The Great Powers have been compelled to realize that their North African dependencies are outgrowing their period of tutelage; and wherever this recognition has come in time to ward off actual rebellion, as in Egypt, Algeria and Tunisia, there have taken place substantial concessions to native desire for self-government. But the best of these measures are only palliative, only the beginning of the solution of a highly complicated problem.

In Abyssinia, Italy and Great Britain felt the need for the mutual exchange of economic concession and recognition of each other's "sphere of influence" in that country.

Abyssinia, through its ruler Ras Tafari, protested to the League of Nations. Of the effect of this expose of Italy's and Great Britain's imperialistic plans, the *Nation* says editorially:

Publicity pays; exposure pays; and the greatest governments in the world feel it worth while to heed the imponderables. The curiously phrased notes recently composed by the British and Italians in explanation of their course in Abyssinia give new faith to the disillusioned. Abyssinia, it will be recalled, is the only remaining truly independent country in Africa; Liberia is really an American ward, and the limited "independence" granted Egypt will hardly be counted real by anyone recalling British action in the Stack incident. As the memory of the resounding Italian defeat at Adowa in 1896 grows dimmer, Italian eagerness to end Abyssinian independence waxed keener. Italy, however, needs foreign support. Now, England and Italy have had their little dif-

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ficulties in Asia Minor and on the borders of Italy's other African colonies, "independent" Abyssinia seemed a good place to make mutual concessions. Since neither Power had any rights there whatever, concessions would cost nothing. But the deal was too bare-faced; it stank. France objected; British Liberals protested; Abyssinia complained to the League of Nations, and the League forwarded the complaint to the guilty parties. They have replied with touching innocence. They were, it seemed, "misunderstood"; they intended merely to "co-ordinate" their economic interests without in any way prejudicing the freedom of action of Abyssinia, and their agreements were subject to Abyssinian approval. In other words, they were not merely misunderstood; they did not mean anything at all in the first place. As the Manchester *Guardian* says:

A secret agreement is meaningless unless it is intended to have results. Not only has this one failed to produce results, but its secrecy has been broken and two Great Powers have been forced to declare publicly that so far from expecting results to follow none were ever contemplated.

## *THE AFRICAN PROBLEM*

The *Christian Science Monitor* says editorially:

The African problem is becoming inseparably connected with the larger problem of the color line all over the world. In 1919 a Pan-African congress was held in Paris to formulate a policy for the relations between the white and the Negro races. The educated African is no longer willing to accept the status of the drawer of water and the hewer of wood for the white man. Just as Orientals are demanding Asia for the Asiatics, and equality of international status, so are the Africans beginning to raise the cry of Africa for the Africans. And throughout the controversy runs a double policy on both sides. One school of Negro thought stands for attaining its end by co-operation between the white man and the black; the other stands for seizing its rights by violence. Similarly one school of white thought stands for co-operation between white and black on the basis of justice and fair play; the other stands for maintaining at any cost the ascendancy of the white race. There is no question which of these views is right, and much of the future of the world will depend upon the right being made to prevail.

## *AGAIN HARLEM*

"Harlem Negroes of all ages go to Night School" is the title of a special article by Lester A. Walton in the October 10th edition of *The World* (New York).

Silvery-haired grandparents, mothers and fathers of advanced age and grown young men and women, all Negroes, quenching their thirst for knowledge by acquiring a belated education after night has fallen, is the inspiring spectacle to be witnessed at sessions of Evening School No. 89 Lenox Avenue and 135th Street.

Any mistaken impression inadvertently created by current novels and plays that night life among Harlem Negroes is wholly and solely one of nocturnal dissipation can easily be dispelled by a visit to Evening School No. 89, last year, the largest in Greater New York.

The sight of young and old eagerly taking advantage of the opportunity to get a schooling denied them earlier in life is a striking contrast to the poignant picture drawn by contemporary word artists of the Harlem Negro at night. In one he is depicted as indulging in an orgy of pleasure; in the other he is actually seen indulging in an orgy of learning.

A pedestrian, after sundown, standing at the busiest, noisiest and most picturesque intersection of the world's largest Negro community is unmindful that the large, brick building with stone trimmings at the southwest corner of Lenox Avenue and 135th Street is a beehive of industry where pupils of uncertain ages and of uncertain careers are bending every effort to make up for the lost time and become more intelligent, useful citizens.

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During the scholastic year of 1925-26, No. 89 had the largest enrolment of any night school in the five boroughs, numbering 1,788, consisting of 1,314 females and 474 males. There were thirty-five classes.

## *LYNCHINGS*

THREE Negroes, one a woman, were lynched at Aiken, S. C., October 8. These three people, charged with the murder of a sheriff in April, 1925, had been once tried and convicted; but the State Supreme Court reversed this verdict and ordered a new trial. Judge Lanham, presiding at the new trial, directed the return of a verdict of not guilty in the case of one of the defendants, whereupon all three were removed from the jail by a masked mob, carried outside the city limits and shot to death. The Coroner's jury returned the usual verdict, that they came to their death at the hands of "unknown parties".

The *New York Times* speaking editorially said:

The lynching of the three Negroes was * * * an act of vengeance * * * and an ugly stain upon the good name of South Carolina.

Herbert Bell was lynched at Dover, Tenn., on October 9. His body was hanged to a tree and riddled with bullets.

This brings the total number of lynchings thus far for the year 1926 to twenty-four.